

THE

Ladies Visiting-Day.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at

The Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

By His MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

With the Addition of a New Scene.

by Cha Burnaby

By the Author of The Reformed Wife.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Peter Buck, at the Sign of the *Temple* near the
Inner-Temple Gate, Fleetstreet, and Geo. Strahan at the
Golden-Ball over against the *Royal-Exchange, Cornhil.*

1701.



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TO
HIS GRACE
THE
Duke of Ormond.

MY Friends did not do me the best Office my Lord, in spreading a Fame of this Entertainment before it was Acted; for tho' (if one may Judge of what he does himself) it comes nearer a Play than my Former, yet a small Expectation gave that a Name, and a great one has ruin'd the Reputation of this: but as Virtue (my Lord) they say, is commended and starv'd, this like a common Mistress is Abus'd and follow'd.

The present Envy might make me dread the Future; but there is a Fashion in Opinions as well as Dress, that varies almost as often, and 'tis possible the coming Age may'nt have the same Quarrel to it: Which consideration makes me with less fear lay this Play at your Graces Feet, whose Name will Extend its natural Life, and tempt the Curiosity of the future World.

My care to avoid any thing that might shock the Ladies, I perceive has done me no Service; I made *Polidore* hate the Wife, on purpose to prevent the very Idea of an indecent Commerce, even behind the Scenes; which few Entertainments of this kind are without, and I have since disguised the only appearance of it in the Letter at the end of the Play; but no Mirth is Innocent before an effected Severity, and some Ladies hate to be offended by halves.

DEDICATION.

He that attempts to put Impudence and Folly out of Countenance, may be forc'd to Blush himself, for its difficult to oppose so Prevailing a Party; and there are some People that 'tis a sort of Merit to displease: The Men of half Wit and half Honour, and the Women of Spleen and Wrinkles, have already done me the Favour to dislike it; and the real Critticks have pointed at few Faults, in comparison with those I know my self.

The name of a Poet I confess, is what I as little Covet as Deserve; a small Acquaintance with Nature, a little Interest in Life, will fit one for a Performance like this; and a Man of any Humour can't converse with the World without falling upon the Ridicule of it; he'll meet a Thousand singularities each hour, and find it difficult to draw a Monster that is not Humane.

Such Characters my Lord, are the blemishes of Nature, and disgrace of Creation; but she has her Beauties too, and we may relieve our selves from these Impressions, by a view of Men that Adorn her; The *Cæsar's*! the *Nassau's*! the *Ormond's*!

He that Writes to your Grace, can never want pleasing Ideas; but all Men must thus far be Flatterers, and *not Speak what they Think*, for here it were Impossible; 'Tis easie to say many things on a subject that deserves none; as a Painter is less troubled to make an ugly Face handsome, than do Justice to a Fine one; the Beauties are too Numerous for the Pencil, and 'tis the Plenty my Lord that makes him Poor.

Which Consideration I hope will Justify me to the World, if I attempt not a Character I can't reach, nor draw a Man that is our Pride as well as our Defence; whose very Enemies Love as well as Fear him.

I am my Lord,

Your Graces

Most Devoted Humble Servant.

Prologue.

TO what strange tast of Pleasure we are grown,
All Countries to Admire——except our own;
But Conquering France, still gains Pre-eminence,
So very Fashionable's all from thence;
Our Dress! Our Language! And our Pains are French.
All Blandishments at home, you still despise,
And look on us——as if we were your Wives!
While their Lewd Mimmicks can your Hearts engage,
And merrily Lye-Inn upon the Stage.

Our Modest Author, hopes you may be seen
After a Groaning——at a Visiting;
Let no grave Fop pretend to be Severe,
The Ladies are the proper Critticks here;
May those fair Judges Free him, or Condemn,
'Tis more than Victory, to fall by them;
But if they Smile, no trifling Laurel Crown,
Can raise his Hopes, or add to his Renown.

The Men are safe, at least no Fop's disgrac'd,
Nor any Curl of Sacred Wig displac'd;
A Woman bears to night the Poets Spleen,
And is the oddest Creature you have seen,
Nothing that's common comes within her Fate,
Except at last——she Marries one she Hates.

But you dread Critticks who hate all that Write,
Contrive to Curse him thoroughly to night,
A Hiss might arm him and your purpose spoil,
Stab like a Courtier——do it with a Smile,
With Friendly Malice thus insure your Cause,
And drill him to his Ruin——with Applause.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Courtine.
Polidore.
Sir Testy Dolt.
Supple.
Ned.
Capt. Strut.
Sir Thrifty Gripe.
Saunter.

Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Verbruggen.
Mr. Dogget.
Mr. Trout.
Mr. Pack.
Mr. Bright.
Mr. Leigh.
Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

Lady Lovetoy.
Fulvia.
Lady Dolt.
Mrs. Junket.
Lady Autumn.
Olivia.
Mrs. Rusty.
Lady Weepwell.
Lady Sobmuch.
Flora.
Lettice.

Visitors.

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Mrs. Bowman.
Mrs. Lawson.
Mrs. Leigh.
Mrs. Prince.
Mrs. Willis.
Mrs. Lauson.
Mrs. Martin.
Mrs. Budd.
Mrs. Porter.
China Woman, Arminian Birdman, &c.

THE

The L A D I E S
Visiting-Day.

ACT I. SCENE *the Park.*

Enter Polidore and Ned.

Pol. **H**E can't know you in this Disguise :

Ned. Never Sir.

Pol. Then take your Message right, — you are to ask for her, so that he may hear you.

Ned. That will betray the whole thing, Sir.

Pol. That's my Design, Blockhead.

Ned. (*Aside*) These Gent. have no regard to a Lady's Honour.

Pol. I would have the Letter fall into his Hands.

Ned. Nay, if it be so, I am as good at Mischief as another.

Pol. You must be certain he's at home.

Ned. He's never out, Sir, but at Change-time, and his Ninepenny Club at Night.

Pol. Nay, he's as jealous as he is covetous ; so that between the two Evils, his Money and his Wife, there's not a Cuckold in the City more employ'd.

Ned. He's as constant at the Window as a Sign, or as his Wife wou'd, if he'd let her ; so that 'tis but to hold it before me while I make t'ward the House, and he'll dart down as swift as a Hawk upon a Partridge.

Pol. Go about your business, I have not leisure for any more of your Wit at this time. (*Ned going.*)

Enter Courtine.

(*Observing the Letter.*)

Cour. Ha ! intreating so early ! A Wench in a Morning is unreasonable as a Bottle, and makes a Man look as much like a Sot all the Day after.

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Pol. But a Glas for a Whet, *Tom.* ———

Cour. Is the pretence of a Drunkard ; ——— yet come, let's see what you're preparing for your Mornings-draught. (*Takes the Letter*)

Ned. (*Aside*) A great Refresher. from *Ned.*

Pol. You see I'm a modish Lover, I don't care who knows my Secrets.

Cour. Ay, and a very humble one, not to rise above an *Abigail*. — (*Reads*) For Mrs. *Flora*, the Lady *Doli's* Woman ! I hate a Fellow with such a dirty Inclination.

Pol. I am for plain Flesh and Blood ; fine Cloaths and rich Equipage, like high Sauces, serve only to make ill things go down ; a clean Napkin and a plain Dish is my Feast ; Garnish and Ornament are fantask ; for, shut but your Eyes, and you'll not know whether you're at *Puntack's* or a Farmers.

Cour. To some Palates indeed all things are alike ; but Women of Breeding, *Polidore*, may be distinguish'd any way ; their very Flesh is genteel, and they kiss no more than talk like the Croud.

Pol. According to this, ones Raptures shou'd rise with their Heraldry, a Knight's Lady shou'd just move our Blood, a Baron's a little exalt our Joys, but a Dutchess's shou'd put us in Heaven !

Cour. I knew you wou'd laugh. ———

Pol. You have spoil'd an honest Fellow by going to *France* ; Priethee *Tom.* leave off this damn'd Taste of Quality, your Out-sides ! your Whip-creams ! and live wisely for a half a Year ; ——— to fall in love with a Woman because she has a Coronet, is as unpardonable as to converse with a Fop, because he has a fine Snuff-Box.

Cour. But, do you reckon for nothing the Glitter and Magnificence about a fine Woman ? A Velvet Couch and gilded Roof, make our Devotions the more Real ; and Beauty so, like a Diamond well-set, receives new Lustre.

Pol. I laugh at 'em. They may serve to amuse an idle Lover ; but I hate to be with a Woman when I can't be Company, as I do to be at a Feast when I lost my Stomach ; and the rustling of a rich Gown, or glitter of a thousand Jewels, are not half so prevailing to make me stay, as a white Neck and fresh Complexion. ——— I must confess, I have a natural tendency to a White Apron.

Cour. Profane Wretch, may'st thou never come near a Woman of Quality.

Pol. And may'st thou be marry'd. to one.

Cour. But, rallying apart, there is something in it ; meer Beauty has not wherewith to entertain us long, and Title and Shew are necessary to our Happiness.

Pol. This is Philosophy for Threescore, when our Pleasures are not so lively ; but Five and twenty, *Tom.*, has too good a Stomach to be so nice ; indeed when a Man has almost dined, he begins to pick and to dislike.

Cour. I believe, my Friend of Five and twenty, you have fed too

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till you wish'd the Dish away ; — but come, since you have begun, I must know more : The Maid, I suppose, is the Blind, and the Mistress the thing you love.

Pol. No Sir, The Maid is the thing I don't think of, and the Mistress the thing I hate.

Cour. A strange Design ! But Lovers are Riddles.

Pol. To tell you mine then ; this Lady *Dolt* is Aunt to *Fulvia*, and her old Knight is Guardian.

Cour. I understand you ; you wou'd lye with the Maid for her good word ; Cuckold the Guardian to make him your Friend, and marry *Fulvia* now you've spent your Estate ; a very honest Design upon the whole Family !

Pol. We'll dispute the Morality of it some other time ; but this Family you must be acquainted with ; the Lord and Lady of it are the happiest Couple, and truest Man and Wife ! For he is always out of Humour when she is not ; she is as civil as if she were in your Debt, and he as surly as if he had a Mortgage on your Estate. He keeps the Change, and she her Visiting-Days ; and to render 'em more agreeable, admits us into the Chat.

Cour. That's kind ; but I thought the Design of these Visiting-Days had been for the Womens innocent Pleasure, to settle the Fashions, detract the Absent, and compare Intreagues.

Pol. Yes, and to secure 'em against Discoveries, the Gallant might be surpris'd, if they had not Set-days for other Visitors ! But this good Lady is not for those unnatural Separations of Man and Woman, but once a Week promotes a mix'd Assembly, where to your comfort, *Tom*, my Lady *Lovetoy* comes, and to mine, *Fulvia*.

Cour. Ha ! You make me happy ; I have not ventur'd to see her since I've been in Town, and this will bring us together : But of what other use can she be to us ?

Pol. O this Lady who has some Wit, has one very good Quality : As Women, they say, are most pleas'd with what is not their due, if you commend her Beauty, you shall want none ; she talks of you in all Company, and praises you in all ; so that *Fulvia* may be mov'd that way at least.

Cour. Very probable ; for Women like Fops, catch their Opinion from one another, and are so fantastick, that she that is cold to her Lover's Person, will burn when he's commended.

Pol. But there is no Happiness without its Alloy : While I have been cultivating this Humour in her, she has had wicked Designs on my Person.

Cour. And can you let a Lady languish, since you say she has Wit too ?

Pol. Ay ! *Tom*, but a Woman's Wit depends upon her Eyes ; if they want Eloquence, her Tongue will never hurt you.

Cour. Then your business is to get into her Favour, and to keep out of her Arms.

Pol. And that's very difficult; for she's a *Matchiavil* in Love, and *Sir Testy* her Knight, that is jealous of all the World beside, has no apprehensions of me, he invites me to his house; makes me play with his Wife, and leaves us together! What can the old Scoundrel mean? Sure *Tom* I don't look as if I had lost any thing?— (*Walking up and down the Stage.*)

Cour. Have you never known a Country Gent. wink at his Steward's cheating him, in hopes he would let no body else do so?

Pol. But a Wife is too tender an Estate to trust in the hands of another, the more I think of it the more I am astonish'd!—

Cour. Push! a Cuckold is like some Dogs, that will snarl and bite at every Body else, and fawn upon the only Man that wou'd do 'em a mischief.

Pol. I have try'd a thousand ways to make him jealous, and send that Letter now (directed, as she has made me do others, to her Maid) on purpose to allarm him; but I fear in vain.

Cour. You manage it well that she don't apprehend your Indifference?

Pol. I owe it to her cunning: a Woman's Wit like a too deep Politician's, often over-reaches it self; she commends my Honour with hopes to lose her own: I take her in the literal sense, and support my Vertue against her design, and have not wanted ways to preserve hers against her inclination these 3 Months—but there's the Knight at his Window, we must not be seen. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sir Testy Dolt, and Supple his Man. (*The Scene changes to his House.*)

Sr. Test. I don't like these visiting days, *Supple*; they're fit for nothing but to make Monsters of honest Men.

Sup. I told you, Sir, what living at this end of the Town would come to.

Sr. Test. But I must be rul'd by a Woman; a Race of Vipers! they were Deceivers at the beginning; and when there was but one Man, the Cockatrice because she could not cuckold him, she damn'd him.

Sup. Alas! Sir, there was but one Temptation, but here are a thousand.

Sr. Test. Too true, *Supple*, and I run mad when I think on't; every powder'd Wigg that I meet is a piece of Ordinance pointed against me: the ratling of a fine Chariot gives me the Spleen, and I swoon at the squeek of a Fiddle.

Sup. Yet, Sir, the unreasonable Rogues always pitch upon this side of the Park for their Musick and thir Intreagues.

Sr. Test. Dogs! Villians! Zbud there's ne'er a Fiddle in Town but corrupts more Women than twenty Bawds—I'll have these confounded Lights damn'd up: I've been in a Sweat ever since I liv'd here—twice or thrice a week all the Cuchold-makers in Town rendezvous under my Windows.

Sup.

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Sup. And stay till it's dark, Sir, o' purpose to mistake Folks.

Sr. Test. Oh insupportable! but I must have a Wife, with a Murrain to me—I hate her too, yet am very jealous of her—let me reckon up all her Vertues that can make a Man happy; first I think her very ugly——

Sup. That's because you are marry'd to her, Sir.

Sr. Test. Very expensive—she's always longing for something that is dear, and will certainly ruin me, in China, Silks, Ribbans, Fanns, Laces, Powder, Patches, Jessimin Gloves and Ratafia!——

Sup. Hah; that's true too.

Sr. Test. To reckon all wou'd kll me——the only way to put a stop to this must be to bar up my Door, keep out all Visitors, and then she'll be less chargeable.

Sup. Ay, Sir; for no Woman thinks it worth while to dress for her Husband.

Sr. Test. Then we should not be plagu'd with my old Lady *Teaser's* Howdo'yes in a Morning, my Lady *Follow-fashion's* Spleen, nor the sudden Sickness of my Lady *Lovetoy's* Monkey.

Sup. No, Sir, nor with the praying Lady *Whinewell*.

Sr. Test. And her Whey-colour'd Daughter.

Sup. Nor with the vertuous Lady *Scruple*, that sends the Complexion of her Water every Morning.

Sr. Test. No, no; let the Tide run somewhere else, I am resolv'd to know the Happiness of living in silence, without the Din of a Visiting day, spent in a Jargon of this pretty Lace and that pretty Ribban, this news of the Ring and that of the Circle, all their Clacks go together with a Babel of Sounds! one Coughs in Base, another Squeaks in Ela! till their Scandal and their Fashions are run over, and then they part—no *Supple*, after this night nothing in Petty-coats shall come within ten Yards of my Doors.

Sup. Then any thing in Breeches may?

Sr. Test. How, Rascal, wou'd you be pimping?

Sup. O! dear Sir, I an't well-bred enough to be a pimp, Sir.

Sr. Test. Well-bred enough! why is much Education necessary?

Sup. Alas, Sir! he must be Man of great Parts to arrive at that Honour! he must have a smooth Tongue, a grave Countenance, Address and Wit to vary things ten thousand ways; more Excellencies, Sir, are required to make a Pimp than a General of an Army; not such as I, Sir; I was made to starve and to be honest, the more's my Misfortune.

Sr. Test. Poor Fellow!

Sup. But, Sir, must I keep out Mr. *Polidore*?

Sr. Test. No, no, let him come! I have something in my Trunk that secures me against his wronging me.

Sup. Why, Sir, has he given you a Bond not to cuckold you?

Sr. Test. No, but I have a better Security—such an Evidence of his Modesty, *Supple*, as is not to be question'd; I fear him not and wish

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wish all the World were like him, and that I had under Lock and Key the same Testimonies of *Their* Innocence as I have of his.

Sup. (*Aside*) what a Devil can this be?

Sir Test. But come, we'll take a turn in the Park and see if we can find her Ladyship. I warrant ingag'd! she puts on her Mask, she pretends to laugh at the impertineuce of Fopps that don't know her; but 'tis more likely a Plot to intreague with those that do—how many Torments lye in a Wedding-ring. ———

} knocking at
the Door

Sup. Sir, 'tis the three Sutors ———
that wou'd marry Mrs. *Fulvia*. ———

} Exit Supple
and re-enters

Sir Test. Bring 'em in ———
I'll laugh at them a little and turn them about their Business; one of them I have heard of, a Militia Capt. that by aiming to pass for an Army Officer, over does it, and looks ridiculous.

(Exit Supple)

Re-enter Supple, follow'd by Capt. Strut, Sir Thrifty Gripe, and Saunter, with a Foot-boy.

Sir Test. Well, Gentlemen, your Business with me I understand is the same; for my Consent to marry my Kinswoman. I shou'd be glad if any of you brings Pretences that I like—let me hear one after another, and in the first place, what are you, Sir?

Capt. I, Sir, am—a Man of Honour.

Sir Test. Pray, Sir, what's that?

Capt. One that scorns to take a Lye, or pay Debts.

Sir Test. A very extraordinary Person!

Capt. I hate a Tradesman, that won't tick like half pay, and all that belongs to him is a Soldier's lawful Plunder.

Sir Test. How do ye live Sir?

Capt. For the most part in a Tavern—I play booty at Picquet, Tennis and Bowls, and get in desperate Debts for young Fellows that Dare'nt fight for 'em themselves.

Sir Test. Are you never run through the Body?

Capt. Often, Sir, for I fear nothing ——— (*Aside*) but a Bayliffe and a Muster-roll ——— I plunder every Woman that smiles upon me, and I fight with every Man that frowns, for I take both to my self, whether they were meant me or not.

Sir Test. Why, Sir, do'ye strike before you know whether you have reason? I thought you were a Man of Honour.

Capt. So I am, Sir, and wou'd not have it stain'd—in Quarrelling Delays look scurvily; to stand examining whether you're affronted or no is not Soldier like. When any body speaks or looks angry, knock him down first, and bid him explain himself after; for we are not oblig'd to understand Words.

Sir Test. No, Sir, why are not your Men of Honour given to Learning.

Capt. Those that think it worth their while are, but we generally leave that to the Agent; and you may see 'tis a Tradesman's Vertue, because he grows rich upon't.

Sir Test. Well, Sir, and what can you settle upon my Kinswoman?

Capt. My Glory and my Sword.

Sir Test. Hum! an extraordinary Joyniture! — now, Sir, I know what your Pretences are, will you give me leave to hear the other Gentlemen. What are you?

Gripe. I, Sir, am no Skip-jack, nor Courtier, but a solid, substantial Man, that have liv'd these twenty Years in *St. Magnes* Parish, Sir *Thrifty Gripe* is pretty well known.

Sir Test. And pray, Sir, what can you doe?

Gripe. Why, Sir, I'll make a Bargain with any Man in the City, and defie him to out wit me—I have been too sharp for every Body I've dealt with; and have got an Estate by my own Industry.

Sir Test. Very well.

Gripe. I live soberly, and mind the main Chance, I never spend a Penny but in Coffee; I sell by a short Yard, and pull down the Play Bills, to shew my Aversion to the Wickedness that's practis'd there.

Sir Test. Why you'll be a great Man!

Gripe. My name's *Sir Thrifty Gripe*, I'm pretty well known; and as for *Capt. Huffle* there, with the *Trench* in his Face, that will settle his Sword—with a piece of Parchment of an inch broad, I'll send the *Hero* and his Sword too, to prison.

Sir Test. Well Sir, and what will you indow her with?

Gripe. I don't understand your Law-terms, or Latin words; but I'll keep her well, and make her a happy Woman; she shall have her Gold Chain about her Neck, and sit in a Pew next the Pulpit.

Sir Test. Ay!

Gripe. She shall wear her Sunday Clothes all the Week, and have Money in her Pocket to pay for what she buys, which few of your *White-ball* Wives do; and shall be able to lend a poor Courtier a hundred pound when she pleases—upon good Security and eight per Cent.

Sir Test. Now Sir, I know what you can do, pray let me here this Gentleman.

Gripe. With all my Heart, if you can get a better Bargain take it: my name's *Sir Thrifty Gripe*.

Sir Test. What profession are you of?

Saunt. I'm nothing, Sir, ——— (Walking to and fro with his

Sir Test. Hum! have you no Employment? (Footboy after him)

Saunt. Employment! ——— (Aside) What a Clownish old Fellow's this ——— Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

Gripe. (Aside) if being good for nothing makes a Gent. I know 2 great many.—

Sir Test. How do ye spend your time?

Saunt. At *Will's* Coffee-house, and waiting on the Ladies.

Sir Test. Then you're a Wit too?

Saunt. A piece of one—

Gripe. (Aside) A half one he means—

Saunt. I write Songs to the Fair; all my Amusements are dedicated to the Ladies: for I have no Muse but my Mistress.

Sir Test. A pretty Life! then you never have any thing to do?

Saunt. O never, Sir, the World is like a Ship where the inferiour Wretches guide the Vessel, order the Sails, and handle the dirty Ropes, while Gentlemen are the Passengers that have no business but only to look on.

*For we have Wit enough we ne're employ it,
Let others rule the World while we enjoy it.*

Sir Test. (Aside) Here's a Rogue!

Do ye never Study Sir?

Saunt. In a Morning while my Man is drawing on my Shoes,— I just look into Books, but never go so far as to know any thing of 'em, that's only for those that get their living by 'em; a Gentleman should only have a Taste of every thing.

Sir Test. And know nothing! well Sir, what other powerful reasons have you to make the match into your Family.

Saunt. None so great as my Family it self, Sir, 'tis an ancient as any in *England*; the *Saunters* were before the Conqueror, and a good Family is better than Riches, besides Sir, I'm one of the old East-India Company, and no Man living knows what I'm worth.

Sir Test. Your unknown Estates are commonly none at all, and as for your Family; without Riches you're no longer of it, for no body'll own a poor Relation, and Want at Court, like Wit in the City is always reckon'd illegitimate!—well Gentlemen, I have heard you all, and will not marry my Kinswoman to this Gentleman, because he spends but his Penny a Day; nor to this, because, as far as I find, he has not that to spend, nor to the noble Capt. there, because he spends more than he has.

Capt. Why then, I'll stick to my Punck and my false Mistress.

Gripe. As for Sir *Thrifty Gripe*,—I won't take under a thousand Pound more; now Friend, and so your Servant.

Sir Test. And Mr. *Saunters*, there Mr. *Nothing-to-do*! Shan't stain his Family with the ignoble Blood of the *Testys* and so yours, Gentlemen.

(Exeunt.)

Enter

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Enter Lady Dolt and Polidore.

L. D. I take you from your Friend.

Pol. Your Ladyship has the power to make me abandon all things.

L. D. I am fond of all opportunities of seeing Mr. Polidore, he that has Address and Wit enough to delude a jealous Husband can want no Merit to recommend him to a Woman.

Pol. I owe it to my good Star, Madam.

L. D. To nothing but your self, dear Sir; A Conduct so delicate ! and a way that insinuates it self into all Hearts, is able, you see, to lay Jealousy asleep, and beget Love in the Heart of your Rival.

Pol. You will give me a Vanity I never had, but I am proud that any Telant of mine can please your Ladyship.

L. D. When Mr. Polidore wou'd be agreeable, he succeeds without trouble; and he always leaves us in doubt whether most to admire his Wit or his Sincerity.

Pol. That, Madam, is a quality that often recommends a Man as il to a Mistress as the World, where People thrive by their Capacities the other way; but your Ladyship.—

L. D. Will always be of another mind—he that can bear with, and flatter the Sottishness of a Husband to serve a Lady, wou'd do any thing to preserve her Honour.

Pol. You assign this good Fortune, Madam, to wrong Causes; for Sir Testy always prevents my Attempts upon him and with an invincible Security seems to take a pleasure in leaving me with you, when he is jealous of all Mankind beside,—'tis certainly some secret Magick in your Ladgship's Conduct, that has render'd him so easy !

L. D. I have often indeed wondered at it, and don't think it is in my Power to alarm him, but I adore the Cause be what it will; and now we may promise our selves Opportunities to enjoy our vertuous Inclinations undisturb'd.

Pol. (*Aside*) Vertuous Inclinations !

That only Thought, Madam, keeps me alive; and I long to convince you of the Respect and Esteem I have for your Ladyship.

L. D. You make me impatient to receive those tender Testimonies of you Friendship.

Pol. (*Aside*) She'll draw me in here, if I don't stop her:—I forgot to tell you, Madam, that not expecting the Honour to see you in the Park this Morning, I just sent my Man with a Letter in order to obtain that Happiness in the Afternoon.

L. D. I'm glad you told me, for Sir Testy's at home; and if he meets with it, we are ruin'd. I'll run to prevent a Miscarriage. (*Exit.*

Pol. A good deliverance ! Now to find Courtine, the unmerciful Dog that gave me up to her—but here he comes—

C

Enter

Enter Friendly and Courtine.

What's the matter, *Tom*? nothing but a Wife cou'd justify such Gravity!

Cour. You're pretty near, 'tis one that I wou'd make so.

Pol. Prithce forget her, you'll grow famous, she is Table-talk, the Lady *Lovetoy* is in every bodies Mouth.

Cour. Yet I must still dote on.

Pol. Nay, then those Grievs are easier sooth'd than cur'd.

Cour. Tho' to live with her I should fancy my self on 'tother side of the Globe; for I shou'd neither hear nor see any thing that is the growth of this: All her delight is in foreign Impertinencies, Her Rooms are Japan, and her Dress Indian; Her Equipage are all Monsters; The Coachman and his Horses are of a Country, both *Turks*, (*Flanders* are too common) the rest of her Trim are a motly Crowd of Blacks, Tawny, Olives, Philamots and pale Blews! In short, she's for any thing that comes from beyond Sea: If *Dampeir* finds out a new Country, she'll certainly trade with him.

Pol. Then her greatest Monsters are those of her own Climate.

Cour. True! for every thing grows more odious to her the nearer it is, and she's in Love with nothing o' this side the Line.

Pol. Then methinks you shou'd despair of succeeding for a Husband.

Cour. If Love was their motive to Marriage I shou'd; but the Womans rule in a Husband is as false as in a Gallant; for to succeed with them, 'tis only necessary that the one be very rich, the other very impertinent.

Pol. I fancy you'll soon forgo the Experiment, for she'll become the Jest of the whole Town.

Cour. Rather the Imitation; for great Follies, like great Villanies, are above our Indignation; we admire how they are done, not how justly, and no more scorn than punish 'em.

Pol. We are deluded indeed with the good things that belong to a Rogue; for as many Excellencies go to make a great Villain as a great Vertue.

Cour. And as much Wit to form an eminent Fool, as an agreeable Person: It requires a great Genius, and Nature does not make above one in an Age, that can arrive to be a shining Coxcomb, to step above the common Level of Fopps and glitter to all the Town, and be admir'd by half for a fine Gentleman. A *Cesar* and a Fopling appear but seldom to the World.

Pol. Can you make these Reflections, and still love her!

Cour. Ah! *Polidore*, you have not, I see, been touch'd with that Passion.

*No follies fatal to the Fair can prove,
All things are Beauties in the Nymph we love!* (*Exeunt.*

Act 2.

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

11

Act II.

Enter the Lady Lovetoy and Fulvia, follow'd by Lettice and a Black-Boy.

Lov. O Fye! never speak of it! rueful English! Well, certainly no people love as well as we that are of so different Humours; every thing that comes from the other side of the World is your aversion, and every thing else is mine.

Ful. I'm perswaded you hate your Country as some Women do their Husbands, only for being so near 'em.

Lov. No, no, I hate 'em, as they do their Gallants, who must be disagreeable indeed you know before that happens.

Ful. Thou art a mad Creature! but say what you will, the Men of those parts are not to be born——A'nt you shock'd at a Tawny Face and great Whiskers.

Lov. They rather charm me; I love a Creature the Sun has look'd on; every thing about 'em has a Manly Grace, and there's nothing so ridiculous as the Effeminacy of our Fellows; they preposterously strive to recommend themselves by their Tenderness, a powder'd Wig and white Hands!

Ful. Yet you see they succeed, and a Woman is in danger as soon as they appear.

Lov. To admire a thing for fawning, whining, and licking your Feet, and make no difference 'twixt a Lover and a Lap-dog!

Let. Nay, Madam, he expects no other usage but to play with him a little, call him Names, rumple his Hair, and turn him down Stairs.

Lov. Ha, ! He deserves no other——But in *India* and *China*, those Softnesses never touch the Men; They remain in their native Strength and Simplicity, tho' all things about 'em be so fine and so delicate; their Silks, their Networks, little Baskets, Calicoes, they contrive the greatest Trifle so prettily, and can make a habit as the *French* do a dish of Meat, or a Discourse, out of nothing!

Ful. And when it's done, it is good for nothing; a Trifle!

Lov. But an agreeable one, and I would not have a Fancy so ill-bred as to wear any thing made here; I am ready to swoon at the Fulsomeness of a Draper's Shop, and wou'd no more have my Servants, of our Dress than I wou'd of our Country.

Ful. Now I think our Habits and our Servants are the most Neat and the most useful of any.

Lov. Useful! ha, ha! that's a Reason for a Tradesman! what an insipid Life it would be, if we had nothing about us but what was necessary; or how comes it, do ye think, that the Ladies affect Monkeys, Squirrels, Parakeets, *Italian* Dogs (tho' now our Fancies run

Wits

Ship

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

more upon *Dutch*) but that they are of no manner of use in the World?

Ful. I wonder at Women's Folly! Why can't our Diversions be more solid, and our Pleasures more reasonable? Methinks a Family of Men and Women wou'd look as well as one of Cats and Dogs, and those of our own Country as well as others.

Lov. If you mention'd this in the Drawing-room, you'd be laugh'd at for ever. But as to Servants, the Air of the World is agreeably alter'd, and it looks Magnificent to have some of every Nation in our Train; *French* Cooks, *Swiss* Porters, *Italian* Singers, *Turkish* Footmen, and *Indian* Pages.

Ful. A very Geographical Equipage! Why, one may walk round the Globe without going out of your House, and read the different Climates of it in your Servants Faces; like a Map upon a Handkerchief, you can put the World into your Pocket.

Lov. Is there any thing more agreeable? Well, I am ravish'd, when I see any Rarity of that kind; and of all the Trains in Town, I am in love with the Fineness and Bezarery of my Lord *Outsides*. Tho' I must own to you, at first his *Blackmore*-Coach-man a little surpriz'd me; for his flat Nose and great Collar, made me fancy they had dress'd up a *Dutch*-Mastiff.

Ful. Which, in my opinion, wou'd ha' been quite as handsome. I wonder your Ladiship, that has such a Passion for those Parts of the World, never had the Curiosity to see 'em.

Lov. Alas! the Men have usurp'd all the Pleasures of Life, and made it not so decent for our Sex to Travel; but I manage it as *Mahomet* wou'd ha' done his Mountain, and make as much of 'em come to me as I can. Every Morning the pretty Things of all these Countries are brought me, and I'm in love with every Thing I see — Are the People come yet, *Lettice*?

Let. They have been below, Madam, this half hour.

Lov. Dispose 'em in the Parlour, and we'll be there presently.
(Exit *Lettice*.)

—I vow to you, I spend three Parts of my Revenue upon 'em, and think it well bestow'd. I wonder how some People can muddle away their Money upon Housewifery, Children, Books, and Charities! —

Ful. Without the Pleasure of being cheated with the Bawbles of other Countries!

Lov. Well, you are a very Infidel to all Finery. —

Ful. And you a very Bigot. —

Lov. A Person of all Reason, and no Complaisance.

Ful. And you, one of all Complaisance, and no Reason.

Lov. Well, follow me, and be converted.

(Exeunt.)

Re-enter

Re-enter Lettice, follow'd by a China-Woman with Cups, &c. an Indian Man with Skreens, an Armenian with Amber Necklaces, and a Bird-Man with a Monkey.

Lett. Come! come into this Room!

China. I hope your Ladyship's Lady won't be long a coming.

Lett. I don't care if she never come to you; it seems you trade with the Ladies for their old Cloaths, and give 'em *China* for their Gowns and Petticoats. I shall have a fine time on't; my Lady *Sneak* that sent you, might a kept you to her self.

China. Alas! Madam, I am a poor Woman, and do any thing to live; — Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to accept of a piece of *China*?

Lett. Puh, — No — I don't care ——— (Takes it.
Tho' I must needs say, you look like an honest Woman.

China. Thank you, Madam.

Lett. But my Place wou'd be much worth, if that Lady had the ordering of Things — (*This is a pretty Cup.*) My Lady wou'd not have an old Glove, or ———

China. O pray Madam, take it.

Lett. No, not I, I won't have it. — It vexes me to think ———

China. Indeed you shall accept of it.

Lett. Not I, truly. — Come, give't me, give't me ——— My Lady's here.

Enter Lady Lovetoy and Fulvia

Lov. Well, *Fulvia*, don't you think now this a better Sight in a Morning, than a Doctor or an Apothecary, tho' their Business were to clear the Complexion?

Ful. I'm so far of your Mind. Those Trades, no more than these, cou'd live, if we were wise; for the real Diseases are but few to the imaginary, and Doctors get more by the *Well* than the *Sick*.

Lov. You are mistaken, for Whimsy is the worst Disease; and I'm glad they pay so dear for it. 'Tis a great Comfort to me, to see Physicians thrive, for then I know there are greater Fools in the World than I am.

Ful. Those Trades always thrive best that are built upon our Follies, and 'tis so order'd, that there is no Sett of People but have one adapted to their Weakness's, which they are sure to enrich. Thus the *Exchange* and *India* Folks live by our refin'd Imprudencies, while Astrologers and Lawyers get as much by our gross.

Lov. A Woman in Love, *Fulvia*, is allow'd to be out of her Wits. — What, *Lettice*, are you dealing for Petticoats?

Lett. No, Madam, I'm only bribing her, not to let your Ladyship deal for 'em.

Lov. You need not apprehend it; I don't like the Fashion.

China.

*China.**India.**Armen.**Birdm.*

} Madam, —

Lov. One at once — I fancy now I'm like some Court-Favourites, with their Levy of Duns; only with this difference, mine seldom lose their Labour, and theirs always.

Ful. That may be a Cunning to support their Grandeur, if they kept their Promises, their Magnificence might vanish, and thier crowded Levies be reduc'd to a Valet de Chambre.

Bridman. I have brought your Ladyship the finest Monkey —

Ful. What a filthy thing it is!

Lov. Now, I think, he looks very odd, and very agreeable. With a long Periwig he might do mischief—and if he cou'd but speak, take Snuff, and play at Piquet, there's ne'r a Fop in Town wou'd go beyond him.

Ful. Nay, Madam, 'tis not his Speaking gives him the advantage; for I fancy a Fop were a fine Animal if he did not speak — The Tongue of a Fool is the worst part about him.

Lov. Thou pretty little Picture of Man, I cou'd kiss the dear Creature; how very Indian he looks!

Ful. Ah! don't touch him, he'll bite.

Bridm. No, Madam, he is the tamest you ever saw, and least mischief.

Lov. Then take him away, I wou'd not give a farthing for a Monkey that wou'd not break me three or four pounds worth of China in a morning. What's an Ape good for without his tricks?

Ful. Such, in my opinion, are better dispenc'd with.

Lov. Why then he'd divert us no more than a Picture: Mischief is the Wit of a Monkey. O! I am in love with these Indian things! I wonder every body does not run mad after 'em? these Skreens are new—How d'ye like the Figures?

Ful. They are all Monster's to me.

Lov. Now I admire 'em for their simplicity, they are like the Actions of Children; tho they are odd, yet they are innocent, and look wild like unadulterate Nature.

Chin. These are Pagods, Madam, that the Indians Worship.

Lov. I am so far an Indian.

Ful. How ignorant they are, to make a God of a bit of China!

Lov. Truly I think it a genteeler Delty than Beaten Gold.

Ful. So should I, if Religion were a Fashion.

Lov. It's nothing else in some Countrys. — I would fain buy something of the *Armenians*; but Amber Necklaces are such things! They are the only People that come so far, and bring no Rarities with 'em — Oh! here, *Letitia* shall wear one. *(Ties it on.)*

Let. Alas! Madam, you'l make me wear any thing. People will think I'm going to Dine with my Lady Mayorefs.

Enter Black, and a young Turk with a Letter. }

Black. There's my Lady.

Lov. Who are you?

Turk. This Letter, Madam, will inform you.

Lov. (*Opens it.*) Ha! *Courtine!* — My Lover's comes to Town, Fulvia, I shan't want a Monkey.

Ful. He'll entertain you better.

Lov. (*Reads.*) *Knowing your Passion for Rarities, I send you, Madam, a Turkish Boy, who Sings very prettily; he was bred in Italy, and no care has been wanting to refine his Voice. I have been amongst Foreigners these three Months, and will put my self into any shape you like, be pleas'd to tell me if you will be visited this Afternoon by a Chinese, Polish, Bantam, or Indian Lover.* Courtine.

Very well! This is a very diverting impudent Fellow, and if he were not of our Country ———

Ful. Pray Madam, bid the Boy Sing.

Lov. What Songs have you?

Boy. No new ones, Madam, but one that Mr. *Courtine* made.

Ful. O! let's have that by all means.

Lov. Let the People go into the Hall. ——— Come then, I don't question, but I am the Subject.

(*The Boy sings.*)

Your Eyes, Belinda, you disarm,

And Foreign Arts discover.

Who ever knew Discretion Charm,

Or Reason gain a Lover!

The Giddy! Vain! and Frolick wear

The Darts that Fatal prove.

For less we know the Fickle-Fair,

The more, the more we Love.

Ful. (*Singing.*) The more, the more we Love, ——— He has an easie Voice.

Lov. Come into my Chamber, and we'll have all his Songs.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sir Testy leading his Lady, followed by Flora, (*her Woman*) a Table, Pens, Ink.

Sir Test. There! Let me have no more of these Affairs ——— No Good, I'm sure, can draw a Woman out of her Bed so early in a Morning.

L. D. You deny me all the Innocent Freedoms of Life.

Sir Test. Ha! You have the Modish Cant of this End of the Town: Intriguing, Gaming, Drinking, and Cuckolding their Husbands, are Innocent Freedoms!

L. D. I know no such People.

Sir Test. Yet these are your strict Vertues! Women of Reputation! Egad, there's hardly a profess Sinner in Town that comes up to their Innocent Freedoms.

L. D.

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

L. D. You wrong my Vertue, with unjust Suspensions. *(Weeps)*

Sir Test. *(Aside.)* Ay, I had rather wrong it, than you should —
But I'll secure my Doors, for this Morning at least. — *(Exit.)*

L. D. Ah *Flora*, what shall we do?

Flo. What's the matter, Madam?

L. D. Mr. *Polydore* told me he had sent a Letter. If Sir *Testy* meets with it, I'm undone.

Flo. He won't suspect any thing, since it's directed for me.

L. D. But if he shou'd, he'd lock me up for ever.

Flo. Your Ladyship frights me, — He'll kill me for keeping Counsel.

L. D. Run to the Window, and watch the Messenger. *(Exit Flora.)*

Othere, my Ruin's near, I feel it! — *(Knocking without.)*
What must I say? — Let me see — Now had I best be very insolent, or very patient, and cry. No Tears look more like a Hypocrite, than Huffing; and I have known some outstrut their Husband's Jealousy, and make 'em ask Pardon for thinking right, — But I never did so, and it may alarm him more than t'other, — I'll e'en stick to my Handkerchief — *(Feigns a Cry.)* Oh! this s natural to me, I shan't miss.

Re-enter Sir Testy with Ned, taking the Letter from him.

Sir Test. Come Sir, I'll read this Letter.

Lady. *(Aside.)* I'm lost for ever.

Sir Test. *(Reads.)* Forgive, most Divine Lady, the Impatience of my Love, — *(Very well, these are her Innocent Freedoms!)* since there is nothing I so passionately desire, as to convince you of the Sincerity of my Heart, — *(Very likely, Faith; poor Lady, whose Vertue I have wrong'd with unjust Suspensions)* this Evening at Six expect your dying Strephon.

Lady. *(Aside.)* I'm ready to sink with apprehension.

Sir Test. *(Aside.)* Dye and be damn'd, for I'll remove your Comforter by cutting her Throat, — 'Zbud! — *(Going to draw his Sword, he sees the Superscription)* Ha! what's this? *(Reads.)* For Mrs. *Flora*, the Lady Dolt's Woman. — I'm glad of that, — I have been cursing my poor Wife all this while for another; but to make her amends, I'll be friends with her, — My Dear, my Dear! — Ha! what makes you tremble so? Has any thing frightened you? —

Lady. Nothing, but your harsh Usage.

Sir Test. Come, dry your Tears, it shall be so no more — But I have made a Discovery here, — Your *Flora* I'm afraid is a Slut, she has an Intrigue.

Lady. An Intrigue! Heaven forbid.

Sir Test. Read here, — I wish she be honest.

Lady. Honest! If you doubt that, Sir *Testy*, she shan't stay a Minute in my House. — An impudent Quean, to have Affairs with Men! *(Reads to her self.)*

Sir Test. Nay, it may be for Marriage for ought we know. *Flor.*

Flo. (Aside) Yes he believes it mine—then I know *(Flora looks in. my cue—)* O! good Madam, that Letter was for me the Fellow says; I wonder Sir Testy wou'd open it! if my Lover shou'd hear of it, he wou'd not have me, so he wou'd not.

Sir Test. Never fear that, for if he's in love with you he's too much a Fool to value being laugh'd at.

L. D. If it be so then, take it Hussy, and bid him be more discreet than to send his Billers so publickly.

Flo. Yes, Madam, but now your Ladyship has read it, I'll beg the honour of Sir Testy to answer it for me, for I can't write.

L. D. No!

Sir Test. Nay, he thinks she's above that, for he calls her divine Lady, a pretty piece of Divinity indeed! but come Egad! we'll answer for her—here's Paper—you shall do it.

L. D. I, Sir Testy, I won't write to Fellows not I—*(Aside)* I hope he won't take me at my word.

Sir Test. Nay, you shall do it, come 'twill get her a Husband.

Flo. Ay! good Madam, do—

Sir Test. How eager the Jade is—*(Aside)*

L. D. I can't tell how to write to any Body but you, Sir Testy.

Sir Test. Well, I'll dictate—begin, dear Sir, (for we'll be as loving as he for his Ears.

Flo. No pray Madam, begin Dear Angel; or Dear Honey.

L. D. Out you Slut, you must not be so fond—Dear Sir is very well—*(Writes)*

Sir Test. I thought so; but when Women write Love 'tis all extreme—Hark'ye, *Flora*, what is your Lover, for the Stile of his Letter may serve for a Countess?

Flo. Sir, He's but a Butler at present, but He's a good Schoffard, as you may see by his hand writing, and in time may come to be a Steward, and then we shan't be long without a Coach, Sir.

L. D. Dear Sir,—what must I write next?

Sir Test. Why,—

Flo. Hoping you are in good health,—

Sir Test. You Puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Flo. I'm sure my Father began all his Letters so.

L. D. I have done it *(Reads)* Dear Sir, She must have very little Merit, that is insensible of yours.

Sir Test. Very well, Faith; write all your self. *(She writes on)*

Flo. Ay, good Madam do, that's better than mine.

Sir Test. Nay, my Wife's a witty Baggage when she sets to't.

Flo. Pray Madam, let it end with, Yours till death doth us part.

L. D. (Aside) This absurd Slut will tempt me to laugh out presently.

Sir Test. Hark'ye, *Flora*, I think you had best be a little scornful and insolent to shew your Breeding; and a little ill-natur'd in it to shew your Wit.

Flo. Ay, Sir, that is if I design'd him for my Gallant; but since he is to be my Husband, I must be very good natur'd and civil before Marriage, and huff him and shew him my Wit after!

Sir Test. (*Aside*) Here's a Jade for ye! — Hum! is that the —

Flo. Yes, Sir, for the first is to give him an Opinion of my Obedience, and the other of my Vartue.

Sir Test. Ay, and how is huffing, *Flora*, a sign of the Vartue?

Flo. Why, Sir, ones Husband can't think we cou'd be so very domineering if we were not very Honest.

Sir Test. Ay, — (*Aside*) Zbud! this Fool I believe speaks the sense of the whole Sex. —

Flo. Then, Sir, I have been told a Husband loves one the better the more one Hectors him, as a Spaniel does the more one beats him.

Sir Test. Hum! Thy Husband will be a happy Man!

L. D. I have done enough.

Flo. O pray Madam read it.

Sir Test. (*Aside*) Ay, with a pox! read it.

L. D. (*Reads*) Dear Sir,

She must have very little Merit that is insensible of yours; continue to love me, and to tell me so, and expect whatever you can hope from so much Wit, and so great Integrity — At the hour you mention come to your passionate —

Flo. Oh! Madam, it is not kind enough, pray put in some more Dears into it.

Sir Test. Ay! put in some more Dears, by all means — (*Aside*) a Jade.

Flo. Every Line shou'd have dear sweet Sir in it, so it should. He'll think I don't love him else —

Sir Test. Poor Gentlewoman!

L. D. No, no, 'tis better now — well, what must be at Bottom to answer *Strephon*?

Sir Test. Let her divine Ladyship sign *Abigail*.

Flo. No, pray Madam, put down *Lispamintha*.

Sir Test. *Lispamintha*!

L. D. No, come I'll write *Celia*.

Sir Test. Ay! any thing — (*Aside*) damn'd Jade, her Vertue with a pox —

L. D. Here, go in and Seal it up.

Sir Test. Ay! come I'll lend you some Wax, that he mayn't wait for your Divinity.

Flo. You always flout one so. (*Exeunt Sir Test. and Flora.*)

L. D. Soh! this is luckily over — Well! I see a Woman does not know how easily she may come off at the greatest plunge — I was almost dead, and am scarce recover'd yet;

*But Apprehension does the bliss indear,
The Danger's always lesser than the Fear.* (*Exit*)

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Enter Fulvia, follow'd by Polidore, and Lucy, her Maid.

Pol. They fly that win, and they pursue that dye.

Ful. (Aside) I daren't look, my Hearts unusually his Friend.

Pol. Turn barbarous Brightness, turn.

Ful. Sir—you're very bold.

Pol. I must confess it, Madam; but Modesty's a Fashion of the last Age, and wou'd fit as oddly upon a Lover as a shoulder-belt.—

Ful. And an impudent Assurance serves only to make Fools pass, and supply the defect of Reason.

Pol. Nay, tis much better than Reason, and will go farther in the World than a thousand good Qualities; for in Business, as well as Love, Modesty's a starving Vertue, and keeps us at a distance; but Impudence, like Gold, breaks throw all Barrs, and brings us uninvited to the Feast, while Merit shivers at the Gate.

Ful. I shall be an Exception to that Rule, Sir—and he that wou'd be welcome when he comes must take another way.

Pol. I have try'd fighting and looking silly; and had you as little Wit as Good-nature, shou'd a proceeded to dance and sing; tell me how you will be worship'd, and behold your Votary.

Ful. Not, Sir, as the *Persians* do the Sun, with your Face toward me! the way for you to honour me is to see me no more.

Pol. A Man that would but dye for you, Madam, would shrink at so cruel a Command—but see your power over me. Farewel for ever—*(Going)* if she don't call me, back I shall hang my self—
(Exit.)

Ful. Ha! what have I done! my Life goes with him! Run, *Lucy*, and bring him hither—*(Exit Lucy.)* How very Coquet is Womans Heart! and fond to oppose the Happiness they wish—I will be honest and tell him all—Ha! I fear I can't, *(re-enter Lucy with Pol.)*

Pol. Does *Fulvia* call, and must I live?

Ful. (Aside) I dare not tell him so,

You think unjustly, Sir,

(Haughtily.)

Pol. The unhappy, Madam, are always in the wrong.

Ful. I was afraid you'd trouble me again, and call'd you back but to secure my Quiet. I wonder how this business got so far, and how you durst pursue a thing that by my looks (which are as eloquent in Hatred as in Love) you always saw was so uneasy to me.—

Pol. (Aside) She speaks it with Concern!—

Ful. And that a Man of some good Sense shou'd not perceive when he is troublesome! Nor know a Pop is less intolerable than such presumptuous Merit.—

Pol. (Aside) Her Manner and her Words are new!

Ful. I say, Sir, that a Man of any Thought should press a thing impossible! should talk his Passion to the Winds, for they will soon—

er hear than I——a thing so troublesome! So leath'd! So ugly!
So——

Pol. Ha!

(Going towards her.

Ful. How mortally——I hate you

(In a languishing tone.

Pol. Speak, Madam, and make me dye with Blushing.

Ful. Then, Sir, know at once I do——love you *(In a harsh Voice*
O dear! I hope he did not hear me. *(in a softer.*

Pol. My Heaven! my All! my *Fulvia!*

Food of my Eyes! and Transport of my Soul!

Ful. My, *Polidore!* So let me ever call you——I long have stifled in my Breast this Fire, which proof against the gentler Violence of Love, your moving manner and your last resolve, have struck into a Flame——Hah!

Pol. What means that sigh?

Ful. There still remains a Bar 'twixt me and Happiness.

Pol. How!

Ful. My Father dying left me to the care of this Uncle Sir *Testy*, whom he thought his Friend; and in his Will declar'd if I marry'd without his Consent, I shou'd lose half the twenty thousand Pound he left me——

Pol. We won't despair, my *Fulvia.* I warrant there are ways to gain him. Love is ingenious.

*Lets try his Power and we perhaps may prove,
That Fortune is not always false to Love.*

(Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Sir Testy (out of Breath) followed by Supple.

Sir Test. I Am stun'd! Kill'd with Noise! huh! huh!——your well bred Women come as near *Billingsgate!*

Sup. Where has your Worship been, that puts you in this disorder?

Sir Test. Been, *Supple!* in a Belferey, I think; such a consort of Cats, Dogs, Parrots and Women!——I have been at my Lady *Love-loy's*, where between her Ladyship, and my Lady *Loud*, and my goodly *Kinswoman*; I have been murder'd!——She shall have a Husband with a Pox!

Sup. Your Worship always makes observations on the Ladies.

Sir Test. Ay! *Supple*, I do observe that there is no Woman so intolerable as she that has some Vertue; as there is no Fool so trouble-
some

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some as he that has some Wit— but where's my Wife, my strict Vertue too? Ha!—

Sup. She's playing at Cards with Mr. Polidore.

Sir Test. Soh! that's well—I bid her draw him in to play, Your vertuous Women all do that; they'll cheat a Man tho' they won't lye with him; —There's some good in this insolent Vertue, I shall get by it — but come, let's go in and see how the Gipsey manages him.

Sup. (Aside) A little better I believe than you can manage her.

(Exeunt.)

A Table and Cards.

Enter Lady Dolt and Polidore.

L. D. I'll tumble the Cards, and lay some Gold o' my side, that he may think I have won—

(Lays some Gold.)

Soh! now sweet Sir, I have a Minute or two to shew you the sence I have of your Galantry, and how much I value those tender sentiments of Womans Honour that render you so fit to be trusted with it.

Pol. And which, Madam, I am more proud of than I shou'd be of any Character.

L. D. Of that, dear Sir, you have given me the highest evidence; for you suffer even your Understanding to be question'd by the World for your intimacy with Sir Testy; and Wit is the last thing a Man wou'd be thought to want, as Beauty is the last thing a Woman.

Enter Sir Testy.

Sir Test. Ha! not at play! they han't heard me, I'll observe 'em a little.—

Pol. But here, Madam, is a recompence for any loss.

(Taking her hand.)

Sir Test. (Aside) Kissing her hand! but that's all thou canst do.—

L. D. (Aside) He comes as I wish—I will be happy now— Tho' Sir, I have hitherto put my self under the Conduct of the most strict reserv'dness, yet to a Man so perfectly honourable a Woman may impart her nearest Secrets.

Sir Test. (Aside) May she so with a Pox! Zbud! what a Monster shou'd I'a been had he been capable of wronging me.

Pol. (Aside) She advances! I must retreat. And he would ill-deserve those Confidences, Madam, that shou'd interpret 'em to the disadvantage of your Vertue.

Sir Test. (Aside) Ha! ha! how the poor Fellow turns it off.

L. D.

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

L. D. (Aside) Still blind? I'll set my Love yet in a fairer Light; the Fame of it, dear Sir, I'm satisfy'd will be safe in your hands.

Sir Test. (Aside) Or in any body's, you Strumpet!

Pol. To one that is honour'd with the good opinion of so agreeable a Lady; Discretion is a difficult Vertue; yet I more apprehend the World than I do my self, who are glad of a Colour to draw a blemish upon shining Honour.

Sir Test. (Aside) Ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing at him, tho' I cou'd cut her Throat.

L. D. (Aside) How dull he is! if I don't tell him plainly! — Those vertuous Fears, dear Sir, become unripe Affection; but our affair is old enough to bear other Fruit!

Sir Test. (Aside) She is not to be fobb'd off so, Zbud what have I marry'd!

Pol. Ah! Madam, that Fortune, cruel to our Wishes, wou'd with a Thought transport us to some lonely Cell! some silent happy place, where we persuade without Words, and see best without Light.

L. D. (Aside) His Eyes are open! —

Where every thing is honest, even that false heart of thine — I'll lead you, Sir, to such a place.

Sir Test. (Aside) By Gingo she'll ravish him, good Woman — these are her innocent Freedoms,

Pol. (Aside) Ha! I'm catch'd.

L. D. But I have some little Conflicts in my Breast, and must engage you, dear Sir, not to make attempts upon my dear Vertue.

Sir Test. (Aside) Yes, your Vertue —

Pol. (Aside) a good hint. —

Ah, Madam, forgive a Wretch! —

Sir Test. (Aside) Ha! ha! ha! I can't but smile again to see him; he has more Doubles than a hunted Hare, and all little enough for my right Vertuous.

L. D. (Aside) What now — he'll make me mad he's so scrupulous.

Enter Supple, behind Sir Testy.

Sup. (to Sir Testy) Sir, Sir, the Parlour Chimney's o' Fire —

(Sir Testy Aside) — Burnt and Cuckold is too much. *(Exeunt.)*

Pol. Call all your resolution to you aid, and hear me, and forgive; your charming Temper and resistless Eyes inspir'd my heated Soul with loose Desires, and made me then intend a Violence on your Vertue.

L. D. You make me tremble, — But — yet dear Sir, I am so possess'd with good Thoughts of you, that whatever in those Moments you had done, I shou'd not ha' took ill; and so satisfy'd of your Honour, that lest you shou'd remain in the Mistake of my Re-

sentment, I'll venture to trust my self an Hour longer with you, dear Sir! —

Enter Supple.

Sup. Madam, Madam, you'll be burnt in your Chamber.

L. D. How, how! — (*Aside.*) tho' I had rather the Town were burnt, than I disappointed thus.

Sup. The Parlour-Chimney is o'fire, and my Master's come home, and storms, and runs about like a Mad-man.

L. D. Ah! Mr. Polydore, I think all the Elements conspire against us.

Enter Sir Testy.

Sir Test. Good Mr. Polydore take our Militia-Fowling-piece, and fire up the Chimney, — I'm loth to call in the Neighbours.

L. D. No, no; the Neighbours! we may be robb'd of all we have, and perhaps murder'd into the bargain.

Sir Test. (*Aside.*) And damn'd too, you shou'd by my consent — But I must not take notice —

Enter Flora.

Fla. Sir, the Fire's quite out.

Pol. Then all's well.

S. Test. This comes of your Wood-fires, when Coal is so much safer, and cheaper too: I shall have a whole Street to rebuild, some time or other.

L. D. Good Sir Testy ben't so angry, I shall be the greatest Sufferer.

Sir Test. How so, pray how so?

Lady. Why the Fire had like to ha' put me into Fits, and I had the sweetest Game upon Mr. Polydore, when it broke out.

Sir Test. (*Aside.*) The sweetest Game? —

Pol. Let not that trouble you, Madam; I know where we left off, and will play it out next time we meet: But now I must take my leave.

L. D. Mr. Polydore, you are so fair a Gamester, that if I win that Sett, I'll give you your Revenge, when you please.

(Exit Polydore, at one Door.)

Sir Test. (*Aside.*) If he cou'd, I don't question it —

L. D. I'll see what Mischief the Fire has done.

(Exit L. D. at another.)

Sir Testy alone.

Sir Test. Hum! my right Vertuous is in earnest. This Discourse of Play is a safe way, she thinks of making an Appointment before me; and I shou'd ha' slit her Nose for it, but that I know Mr. Polydore.

dore is not able to make Stakes : I wonder how the poor Fellow does to defend himself ; for he is not solvent, to my knowledge, in her way. —

Enter Supple.

Sup. Sir, Mrs. *Fulvia* is coming up Stairs.

Enter Fulvia.

Sir Test. Now for a new Plague, — What, has my Lady *Lovetoy* put Matrimony into your Head again?

Ful. Perhaps she has.

Sir Test. You look as much out of Humour before Marriage, as your Husband will after.

Ful. He shan't want a Reason, if he's such a one as you are.

Sir Test. 'Zbud, Hussy, d'ye come to affront me? But you shall dye a Maid for your Impertinence.

Ful. That's more than you can be sure of.

Sir Test. Why you won't turn Strumpet, ha?

Ful. I don't know how far the pleasure of Plaguing you, may carry me.

Sir Test. (*Aside.*) This startles me, — But have you no regard to Reputation?

Ful. It may prove a Means to preserve it ; for Reputation is like a Lover, best secur'd by Indifference.

Sir Test. Very pretty! Then they only are in danger of losing their Reputation, that are very careful of keeping it?

Ful. One shou'd not be over-fond of it; 'tis like Glory with the Men; the World takes a Pleasure to deny it those that court it too eagerly; and is as Fantastick as a Wife: The Care you take to preserve her Vertue is often her strongest Motive to destroy it. —

Sir Test. Hum! Pray Cofin, how old are you?

Ful. Old enough, you see, to make Reflexions.

Sir Test. Ay, with a Pox, and ripe enough to be the Occasion.

Ful. What must a Woman do, that can have no Husband, or what's as bad as none, one of your choosings. You must taste, forsooth, to see if I like it. No, no; I an't in a disposition to be pleas'd by Proxy.

Sir Test. No, Madam; you're in a very good Disposition to taste for your self, or I'm mistaken. This is a ripe Age! Women begin Ten Years before their Mothers; and when Miss can't Spell, she'll Leer and Bridle. If I had the ordering of you, you should all live upon Camphire.

Ful. If you had the ordering of us, I am apt to think we shou'd all lead Apes. — But I'll take care of that. — (*Exit.*)

Sir Test. Hum!

Sup.

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

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Sup. Your Worship will do well to provide for her; for she's fledg'd, and will soon fly ———

Sir Test. She's got into a Gang indeed, that will ripen her as fast as Horse-dung and Glasses do a Melon. They talk of nothing but how my Lady *Love-youth* will do to have Children by her old Husband, how often my Lady *Brawny* has Miscarry'd, and when Madam *Fiddleton* Reckons. ——— then they are as loud o'er a Dish of Tea or Chocolate, as a Pack of Drunkards with three Bottles apiece in their Bellies; and there is no Snuff-box now with them, like a young Fellow's Upper-lip.

Sup. Ay Sir, and that goes with a Spring too.

Sir Test. Then they must have as many Wax-candles lighted upon a Visiting-day, as wou'd serve a Popish Chappel at Midnight-Mass; ——— I have 2000 *l.* owing me in bad Debts, since I came to this lewd End of the Town: If I dun, they threaten to break my Servant's Head; and the honestest of 'em stop my Mouth with Privilege.

Sup. I hope your Worship will send me no more o' those Errands; Captain *Cuffley* gave me such a Kick o' the Guts, as had like to ha' spoil'd my Marriage.

Sir Test. What a Pox made me leave *Threadneedle-street*! my Right Vertuous wou'd have it so; she must be near *St. James-Park*, and *Whire's* Chocolate-house.

Sup. All People desire to be near their Business.

Sir Test. Business, you Rascal, with Cuckold-making Beaux! Well, I perceive the Air of this End of the Town makes Servants Pimps, Wives Whores, and Children disobedient.

Enter Flora.

Flo. My Lady *Lovetoy*, Sir, is coming to see my Lady.

Sir Test. Zbud I shall be murder'd! My House will turn round; she is the very Spirit of Impertinence ——— Dog! Did not I bid you Bar up Doors? Ha! and my Kinswoman too!

Enter Lady Lovetoy and Fulvia, follow'd by the Turkish Boy and Lettice.

Lov. Sir *Testy*, your most humble Servant.

Sir Test. Oh! yours, yours, Madam.

Lov. Where is your Lady?

Sir Test. Where your Ladyship seldom is, — at Prayers.

Love. You are extreemly mistaken, Sir *Testy*, for I have bought
E me

me the prettiest Atlafs-Cushions, with Gold-tassels, on purpose to kneel upon.

Sir Test. Very well; Faith; and pray how often does your Ladyship use your Atlafs-Cushion?

Love. Every Day before Dinner, I always call for that and my Tea-table together.

Sir Test. Hum! Do you never go to Church then?

Love. Often; but when I miss, as I believe I shall next Sunday, I send my Woman to see how Fashions alter. And be sure you go, *Lettice*, and observe how they Pin their Gowns. — You have Drest me strangely to day!

Sir Test. Ha!

Ful. Methinks she has done it very prettily, — Pray who is your Manteau-Woman?

Love. Oh! Mademoiselle *Le Fancy*. Who cou'd endure any body's Fingers about 'em, that was not *French*?

Ful. I must confess, Madam, I am of the Unfashionable Humour, to imploy our own People, and wear our own Improvements.

Love. This is the only Quarrel I have to you. — Now I am so far from Dressing like our *English*, that I never Eat like 'em, nor suffer the filthy Diet of our Country to come near me, — Tho' I liv'd this Week almost at Home, and fed upon nothing but *Muscovy-Duck*-eggs and *Ortolans*. —

Sir Test. 'Zbud, If I had the Feeding of ye, I'd bring ye to Neck-Beef. (Aside.)

Love. I wonder a Woman of your Wit shou'd have so ill a Taste in habit. I shou'd be as much asham'd to have any thing about me that I cou'd not say was right *French*, right *Mechlin*, or right *Indian*; as I shou'd to wear false Diamonds, or false Teeth.

Sir Test. And why, Madam, would not right *English*, or right *Scotch* do as well?

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Nay, as to the *Scotch*, I don't know how they may be improv'd since they liv'd at *Darien*. But before that I wou'd no more ha' Traded with their Country, than ha' Travail'd thither —

Sir Test. (Aside.) I wish you were Married there to a *Calydonian*-Corporal, by Gingo!

Love. A Gentlewoman is distinguish'd by her Fancy, as well as by her Coat of Arms. There's three Country-Creatures, my Lady *Strut*, Lady *Simper*, and Mrs. *Buttonmouth*; who have divorc'd themselves, forsooth, from the charming noise of Rooks and Bell-horses, to learn Dressing; But all in vain, for every thing about 'em is so tawdry and ill-match'd, one would think their Husbands chose for 'em.

Ful. Some Men, Madam, are very judicious, and mingle Colours with a great deal of Delicacy.

Love. Nay I love to have a Fellow-fancy for me; 'tis the most

becoming thing that belongs to 'em; and really a Gentleman may be sooner known by his Skill in Dress than his Contempt of Learning.

Sir Test. Pretty Gentlemen indeed! what pity 'tis those Country Ladies han't some of 'em for their Galants to reform their Dress and their Breeding.

Lov. Doubtless they will, and we shall find out the intreague by the alteration it will make; the first thing they'll do will be to strip 'em of their Country Customs, and instead of the Aukward Games of Whisk and Lue teach 'em the more agreeable ones of Piquet, Basset, and Ombre.

Sir Test. And instead of the clownish qualities of Modesty and Silence, teach 'em the courtly ones of being very coquet, and very noisy.

Lov. Buy all their Silks at an *India* house, their Looking-glass at *Gumby's*, and all their Tea at *Phillips's*.

Sir Test. At *Phillips's*! why there's a great deal of plain dealing in your Ladyship's Conversation!

Lov. O'tis the new manner among us to make no secrets; our Dressing, Painting, Gallantrys, are all publick, and now a Lady wou'd no more have a Lover unknown, than she wou'd a Beauty.

Sir Test. (*Aside*) A very modest Age, By-Gingo! but there is a *Westminster-hall* to relieve honest Men, and call Cuckold-makers to account——Then I suppose Modesty is a sort of want of Breeding among the Ladies?

Lov. A fine Woman shou'd be above the concerns of little People; to apprehend an indecency is to make it, and however free our Conversation is, a certain Assurance still justifies our words, whereas to be shock'd and to blush is the Education of a Boarding School.

Sir Test. (*Turning to the Boy*) Ha! what has your Ladyship chang'd your Page.

Lov. One shou'd never were a Servant longer than a pair of Gloves.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. (*Aside*) Here she is, now for a Lawyers Impudence to assist me!——

Sir Test. Ha! what's here to do! Madam, are you this Gentleman's acquaintance?

Lov. No, *Sir Testy*; but he will be mine.

Cour. You know her way, *Sir*.

Sir Test. Ay! and yours too it seems, Friend.

Cour. Alas! *Sir*, she'll sometimes serve her Sisters so, and no more know her Friends, than a prefer'd Courtier will his Benefactor; half an hour ago she pull'd me into a *China* house.

Sir Test. Very well!

Cour. And run over the Bawbles of the place as readily as the Owner.

Sir Test. I find, Madam, he's your intimate Acquaintance.

Lov. Hark'ye, Sir, did not you promise to trouble me no more?

Cour. I did, Madam; but to keep ones word looks like a Tradesman.

Sir Test. (*Aside*) Here's a Rogue!

Cour. And is as much below a Gentleman as paying ones Debts.

Sir Test. Very pretty faith!

Lov. Well then, since it must be so, play all your tricks over and be gone; you know I love a Monkey, and think to recommend your self by the Imitation.

Cour. Nay, Madam, I have come nearer a Lover, and look'd like an Ass, to please you.

Lov. I own it very freely, Sir.

Cour. But I found that whining and sighing with you were no more Proofs of my Love than they were of my Wit.——

Lov. As good proofs as an *English* Lover can give of either; you shou'd travel into *France*, *Italy*, and *Spain*, and when you come back——

Cour. You'll bid me, go into *Turky*, *China*, *Russia*, the *East* and *West-Indies*, for further Improvement.

Lov. Perhaps so; but as you are a meer Country Gentleman of a thousand Pound a Year, who never was farther from home than *New-Market*, I would sooner marry the *Marocco* Embassadors Footman.

Sir Test. Pray, Madam, what Climate shall have the Honour to produce you a Lover?

Lov. The extreamest parts of the World; the Rarity increases with the Distance, and the Pleasure with both: I hate a home-bred Fellow; he smells of the Chimney Corner!

Ful. Sure your Ladyship like'd Prince *Alexander*?

Lov. Extremely, tho I never saw him but once as he past by. He had the finest foreign Face and Bezzar Equipage!

Cour. (*Aside*) Prince *Alexander*! I have a Thought that pleases me——my Taylor has a Suit of his, it shall be so——well, Madam, to show you that I will refuse nothing to merit your Favour, I will begin my Travels to morrow, I'll freeze in *Finland*, and scorch in *Barbary*, but I will bring home a foreign Face; I'll go this minute and settle my affairs in order to my Journey.

(*Exit.*)

Sir Test. (*Aside*) I think you are both Fools alike, and deserve one another heartily! but stay, I have some Wines to sell, and will get by her Folly———— Pray where does your Ladyship buy your Wines?

Lov. Of Foreigners altogether. *Bonario*, an *Italian* Merchant, brought my last.

Sir Test. An *Italian* Merchant! He's a *Buckingham-shire* Bumpkin, and was a Footman t'other day.

Lov. However his name sounds finely, and I wou'd not buy at the Devil, Red-Lyon, Blue Boar, or any of your frightful *English* Signs, for a World—but, Sir *Testy*, now we must here your Lady; I hear she has some fine new *China* come over, and a Parrot, that calls the prettyest names!

Sup. Sir, My Lady is gone out with Madam *Joyner*, in a Hackney Coach.

Sir Test. Madam *Joyner*, Death and Confusion!—a Camp-Bawd, that goes between Indigent Officers and rich Citizens Wives! I am undone, ruin'd for ever! I shall be Cuckold to a whole disbanded Regiment.

Lov. Since your Lady is abroad, and your self in disorder, we will take another time for our Visit.

Sir Test. Eternal Frost and Snow be upon your Parrots and Monkeys.—

Ful. Harke, Nuncle, shan't I be marry'd? (*Exeunt.*)

Sir Test. Zbud! Huffy I'll—(going to draw his Sword) married with a Pox! I wish all the World were Married,—but you shall fast a Twelve-month longer from Man for your impertinence.—
Zbud! I cou'd kick 'em all down Stairs—With Mrs. *Joyner*! —
An *Italian* wou'd Poyson his Wife for this, a *Spaniard* would stab her, and a *Turk* wou'd cut off her Head with his Cymiter; but an *English* Cuckold can only Squabble, call Names, and put himself in-to print—well, I never heard of but one *Englishman*, that was touch'd with a true sence of this dishonour! and he as well as I wou'd a had—
(*Exeunt.*)

*No other punishment this Crime attone,
But Death shou'd always follow Cuckoldome.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Dolt and Mrs. Junket.

L. D. I'M glad, Mrs. *Junket*, I bid the Fellow bring home the *China* now, if Sir *Testy* has heard of my being out it will justify me to him.—

Junk. I wonder how you can bear such a fower jealous Devil as he is? if my Husband serv'd me so I'd make his Horns reach over the City, walk in Trammels, and never stir out, ads my Life! a Woman had as good have her Tongue tyed, as her Legs.

L. D. I do pretty well with him. He has an opinion of his Conduct, and nobody's so easily cheated as the Over-wise. (*Enter Flora*
Fla.)

Flo. Ay! Madam, we're undone——*Supple* has told *Sir Testy* that your Ladyship went out with *Mrs. Joyner*, and he has almost thrown the House out at Window: He walks up and down his Closet, and swears and talks to himself of Divorces, *Doctors Ommons*; and I don't know what Latin Words.

L. D. I'm lost indeed with out you help me.

Funk. Tell me how, and I'll do't——I'll beat him for you, or any thing.

L. D. No no——only own that it was you that I went out with, and our business to buy *China*——Oh! *Sir Testy*, I have got the best penny worths——
(*Enter Sir Testy.*)

Sir Test. I don't question, Madam, but you have had your penny-worths——(*Aside*) a Strumpet! You will take care to have enough for your Money and so have I——(rubbing his Forehead)

L. D. What does my Dear Mean?

Sir Test. Ha!——I warrant Butter wou'd not Melt in her mouth. Why have you the Impudence to be innocent?

L. D. Alas what has disturb'd you?

Sir Test. Something that pleas'd you, Madam.

L. D. Pray, my Dear——(*Weeps*)

Funk. Dear him no Dears! a Brute! to use a Woman thus: don't be troubl'd, Madam——she's too good for you——

Sir Test. Zbud! so she is——but hark ye, Madam, Madam! my Dear! let me ask you one civil Question: did not you go out in a Coach with *Mrs. Joyner*? that reverend Coupler, that finisher of Foreheads! Ha!

L. D. Alas! my Dear, some body has abus'd you. *Mrs. Funket* call'd me out to buy *China*.
(*Enter a Servant*)

Funk. A base Man! is this the Quarrel?
(*with China.*)

Ser. Madam, I have brought the *China* that your Ladyship bought.

Sir Test. Ha!——very well Friend; (*Flora takes it, and he goes out.*) leave it (*Aside*) I don't know what to think——call *Supple* hither.

Funk. Was it for this that you abus'd so good a Woman?

L. D. O unfortunate! to be us'd thus by the only Man in the World that I love
(*Weeps.*)

Sir Test. (*Aside*) Now if I'm in the wrong I shall be worry'd——
(*Enter Supple.*) Hark'ye, Sirrah, did not you tell me *Mrs. Joyner* went out with your Lady? Ha!

Sup. So I verily thought, Sir; but I saw but her side-face.

Funk. I have been taken for her several times.

Sup. O dear Madam, was it you then? (*Aside*) I'd fain have her lye a little more.

Funk. Ungrateful Man!

L. D. No-body knows the Life I lead.

Sir Test. Well, my Dear, forgive me.
(*Weeping.*)

L. D. If you wou'd not think so injuriously of my Vertue again.

Funk. Come come, Madam, go to him; there's no true Love without some Jealousy.

The Ladies Visiting-Day

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Sir Test. Mrs. Junket is a good Woman, and is for composing a Family-difference.—— Come we'll in, and wash away all Animosities in a Glas of Sack.

Junk. Well, you have the prettiest Ways.—— (Exeunt.)

Enter Courrine, (drest like a Muscovite.)

This Fellow stays long; if they should not admit me, my Project falls; and if they discover me, I suppose I shall be toss'd in a Blanket. But I am pretty well disguis'd, and if that holds, I don't fear.—— Her Ladyship is indeed the Top, but our whole Country have a Sottishness for Foreign Faces, that nothing were more likely to take amongst 'em, except a New Religion.—— Now I am Prince Alexander,—— I must suit my Conversation to my Country,—— This Gunpowder-Snuff will do,—— Well, I have this Comfort, however I succeed for a Husband, I shall be reckon'd a fine Person: For beyond-Sea, like the Gallows, makes all Men handsome in Women's Eyes. (Exit.)

Enter my Lady Lovetoy, Lady Dolt, Mrs. Junket, followed by Supple.

Lov. Prince Alexander, say'st thou?

Sup. So he calls himself, Madam.

Love. I'm glad I stay'd to see your Ladyship,—— By all means shew him up. (Exit Sup.)

L. D. Why, he's a perfect Stranger to us.

Love. That Inhabitants of the same World shou'd think so of each other! But I'm glad these Ceremonies begin to be forgot among us, and that People of Breeding are as familiar at first sight, as in ever so long acquaintance.——

Love. (Aside.) A very graceful Person.

Enter Supple, follow'd by Courtine.

Sup. There, Sir, is the Lady Lovetoy.—— (Exit Sup.)

Love. Prince Alexander, we are honour'd with this Visit.

Cour. Madam,—— (Kisses her.)

Junk. (Aside.) I hope your Kissing won't round, for he's a rueful Fellow.——

Court. May the Days be taken from my Life, and added to yours,—— most incomparable Beauty! whiter than the Snow, that lies the Year about unmelted on our Russian-Mountains.

Lov. We are oblig'd to the C'sar, for not taking you with him.

Cour. He left me, Madam, to learn to be a Ship-Carpenter.

L. D. (Aside.) An extraordinary Accomplishment for a Prince.

Cour. He designs it a Science for his Nobles, and all his Court, must wear Aprons.——

L. D. (Aside.) A pretty Circle.

Love.

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

Lov. I commend the Manly Intentions of his Majesty, and think it better than the Softness and Idleness of ours.

Cour. 'Tis the Fashion, Madam, for Eastern Princes to profess some Trade or other; the last Grand Seigneur was a Lock-Smith, ——— But, Madam, could you be persuaded to like our Country, and our Manner, I'd lay a Province at your Feet, to make you mine, ——— You say but Yes, and are a Queen.

Love. Here's a Lover for ye! An *Englishman* would ha' offer'd a Thousand Pounds a Year Joynture in some dirty Hamlet, ten Miles from London.

L. D. Nay he Courts very eloquently indeed.

Cour. Please you, Lady, to make your fragrant Fingers familiar with this Box, ——— (Offering his Snuff-Box.)

Love. What is your Snuff, *Spanish* or *Portugal*?

Court. Right *Mosco*, Madam, made of the Skulls of conquer'd Enemies.

L. D. Gunpowder, as I live. ———

Love. Every thing Manly!

Court. Madam, your Eyes outshine the Moon in frosty Nights, and warm, beyond the Sun in its Meridian; I boyl, I roast, I flame!

Funk. (*Aside.*) By his Courtship, one would think he had learnt as well to be a Cook, as a Ship-Carpenter.

Love. I thought you *Muscovites* had been so cold, you could ha' liv'd without Furrs and Brandy.

Cour. The very Vulgar, Madam, are so excellent; but we Princes, like Mount *Ætna*, are Frost and Snow at top, but Fire unquenchable within. I saw you at a Play, and have been all a-flame ever since.

Love. And how came it, Illustrious Prince, that I saw you not before this Hour?

Cour. I durst not present my self to your Eyes, till I had learnt some *English* to adore you in.

Lov. (*Aside, to L. D.*) To Adore me! When would a lubberly Knight of the Shire made such a Compliment?

L. D. A Schoolmaster would ha' said as much to my Lady's Chambermaid ———

Enter a Servant.

Serv. I have Letters for Prince *Alexander*, from the Emperor, they must be delivered, to the Secretary, Sir, to Night.

Cour. Soh! (*Aside.*) He comes seasonably, I was just at the end of my Courtship, ——— Ladies, I take my leave. ——— We *Muscovites* are as loyal to our Emperor, as we are faithful to our Mistress.

(*Exit.*)

Love. Well, he's a sweet Prince.

Fun. As sweet as Garlick, Brandy, and rotten Teeth will let him be.

Love.

Lov. Thou art a she Clown, and hast no tast beyond a Country Gentleman—— well I must Marry this Foreigner and be a Princess.

La. D. There will be bloodshed that's certain! *Courtine* your old Lover will fight him.

Lov. The better! I love to have a stir made about me; to have all the Fellows in Town striving, and toasting ones health, is to live indeed. A Woman's Character is not compleat before she has been in a Lampoon; and had a Fellow or two kill'd for her; but to have a Prince Fight for one is a fine thing, I shall be talk'd off all the World over.

La. D. But it seldom does a Womans Virtue any service to make such a Noise!

Lov. Puh! Virtue, wou'd you have a Woman live all her Life, without doing any Mischief? besides the signs of Virtue are not well agreed upon.

La. D. No, are not our reservedness, our self denials, our neglect of the Men sufficient proofs of our Virtue?

Lov. No more than they are of your Witt, take away Vanity and there will be nothing left; the Men are happy upon this Account they are to Love, which is very agreeable to Nature, but we are to Resist which is very Repugnant.

La. D. I wou'd not answer for a Womans conduct, if her Virtue always oppos'd her Inclination.

Lov. We must be very Lovely and very Cold! very Young and very Grave! what a Contradiction is Woman? that one part of her Character is made to the prejudice of the other?

La. D. I vow if I did not know you, I shou'd not tell what to think; these are not your Thoughts?

Lov. Well then I confess I talk'd against Gravity; to perswade you out of the Excess—But come now we'll go see your Ladyships Indian Rarities. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sr. Testy.

This Sack is a great reconciler, now I have a minute to consider what to do with Mrs. Minx our Kinswoman, she threatens to turn Whore; and Women by Jingo are seldom worse than their words in that Case—the must not Marry without my Consent, and *Polydore* has offer'd me 500 l. for her; tho' I wonder what Witch-craft makes him desire a Wife! Poor Fellow!— now shall I be Reveng'd on her, and get 500 l. And the prospect of an other Match too, for as soon as I have seen 'em Marry'd, I'll tell his Impediment and let her alone for a Divorce if I understand Constitutions. § *Enter Supple follow'd*

Sup. Sir Here's the Capt. again. by *Capt. Strut.*

Cap. I was with you Sir, once before, you may Remember; and I come now to tell you Sir, once for all, that if I have not you

Neece, you must meet me behind *Montagne-House*.

Sir Test. Meet you Sir! I don't like your Company so well—
What for, Sir?

Capt. Sir, with your Sword in your hand.

Sir Test. By Jingo Cap. but I won't?

Capt. Then, Sir, I'll post you for a Coward.

Sir Test. Then you'll post your self for an Ass, for I'm a Citizen of *London*, have fin'd for Alderman, and will Fight with ne'er a beggarly Rake of you all.

Capt. Then you have neither Honour nor Courage.

Sir Test. Honour! Yes I have, for I keep my Word, and Pay my Debts; and for Courage I defie all the Bayliffs in Town, which is more than you can say, most Renown'd Cap.—if you're weary of your Life there are forty Rakeshames will rid you of it; Fight among your selves and Cheat the Hangman of his Fees. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Look ye, Sir, I'll spoil her Fortune; I'll follow her to the Church and the Play-house; nay I'll commend her Virtue, and then every body'll know I have made bold with it—besides, Sir, I'll cut any Mans Throat that pretends to her.

Sir Test. This is a Terrible fellow, (*Aside*)—Sir I'll swear the Peace against you, and bind you to a strange Companion, your good Behaviour!

Pol. What's the matter, *Sir Testy*? [*Enter Polydore.*]

Sir Test. Why here's an Impertinent Beggarly Fellow swears he'll have my Neece or cut my Throat.

Pol. How's this, Sir?

Capt. Sir, I'm in Love with his Neece among the rest of the great Fortunes of the Town. Sir, I have follow'd her at a distance this twelve month, and have spent 100*l.* after her in fair Perewigs, Red Stockings and Sword knots.

Pol. Did you ever speak to her?

Capt. No, Sir, that's vulgar, but I've done all that's necessary or usual with Souldiers. Sir, I've Walk'd with my Arms a cross, Bow'd to her and Ogled her.

Pol. (*Looking near him*) Ha! is not your Name *Sirrut*?

Capt. Ay, Sir, and as good a Family——

Pol. As ever was caned *Sirrah*! was not you my Foot-man at the Revolution? I'll cool your Love. (*beats him.*)

Sir Test. By Jingo Cap. I did not know you'd take a beating. Han't I Courage Cap.—— (*beats him.*)

Capt. Sir as I was your Foot-man I take this beating, but as I am Cap. of the Militia——

Sir Test. You'll take it better I know—— (*beats him again.*)

Capt. You shall hear from me, and you too, *Sir Testy.* (*Exit.*)

Sir Test. O Dear Mr. *Polydore* I'm affraid he'll fight yet

Pol. Never apprehend it, Sir—I vow I did not know the Rogue, he was so alter'd. *Sir Test.*

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Sir Test. Nay he's a Dog by his own account of himself, and has more Villanies than go to accomplish a Lawyer; Well Mr. Polydore, my Neece and I are oblig'd to you for this, and to show you I'm in earnest, give me Bond for the 500*l.* you offered, and she's yours.

Pol. With all my heart Sir *Testy*, we'll do it now.

Sir Test. I'll go send my Man for a blank, and while we fill it up my Wife shall entertain you— (*Aside*) Poor fellow for thou canst do her. no harm. (*Exit.*)

Pol. I am not so much overjoy'd at his giving me *Fulvia* as I am astonish'd at his Easyness in his Wife! What can be the meaning of it? sure he has not met with a Letter I once sent to my Father! I don't know what to think! If I had made him a Cuckold, I should a believ'd it was that, that inclin'd him to be so Fond of me! But when I never intended it! Well there is certainly a Witch-craft in Marriage, that makes every Man industrious to bring about his own Cuckoldom. (*Exit.*)

Enter Fulvia in Boys Cloaths, Hat and Feather.

Ful. Sure every body Minds me! I never was in Breeches before, and if I get safe out of 'em! they are Dreadful things—I shall never go through with it—but here's the House, if He finds me out I shall Blush to death—but I won't go back (*Knocks*) If he accepts my offer I shall know the Reason of his unwillingness to my Marrying, and find a way to Deceive him—but here they come—is Sir *Testy* within pray? (*Enter Flora.*)

Fla. Yes Sir.

Ful. I wou'd speak with him, my pretty Maid. (*Kisses her.*)

Fla. I'll tell him, Sir. (*Exit.*)

Ful. I think I begin like a Cavalier—tho' I'm afraid I shall sink into a Curtsey, but the Fellows come pretty near it, with their Oh! Madams! and Oh! Dears.— (*Mimicking*) Ha! Polydore too, I'll watch him.

Enter Sir Testy follow'd by Polydore.

Sir Test. What have we here another Capt.— if I were sure he was a Coward I'd kick him before he speaks—is your business with me, Sir?

Ful. If your name be Sir *Testy* Dok.

Sir Test. Yes, Sir, 'tis, and I'll maintain it as Ancient as any, and Related to most of the Families in *England*.

Ful. My business, Sir, will convince you that I think well of it.

Sir Test. That's all one whether you do or no, Friend—but what is your business?

Ful. Why, Sir you have a pretty Kinswoman—

Pol. Ha!

Sir Test. What then, Sir— (*Aside*) such a Rogue as the other.

Ful. With whom I am in Love.

Pol. (*Aside*) Death and Confusion! but I'll Cure you of it—

[*goes about to her.*]

Ful. I have a 1000 *l.* a year, Sir, and am you see a pretty Fellow beside.

Sir Test. A pretty Fellow— (*Aside*) that is a Coxcomb.

Ful. In short Sir I'll give you a 1000 *l.* to make up the Match.

Sir Test. Ha! But, Sir, my Kinswoman is provided for.

Pol. (*Aside*) That's well.

Sir Test. And will have no such Hectors ——— (*aside to Ful.*) let me see you an Hour hence.

Pol. (*aside*) Ha! my Fears are true! But I'm in Love with her Sir, and will have her.

Pol. Whether she likes you or no Sir?

Ful. Likes me! I'd fain see a Woman that dislikes a pretty Fellow, with a 1000 *l.* a year, white Wig, and Black Eye-brows.

Ful. Hark'e young Gentleman, there will go more than all this to gain that Lady— (*takes her Aside.*)

Sir Test. (*Aside*) A 1000 *l.* That's 500 more than *Polydore* has engag'd to give me— but my Honours at stake! Hang Honour there's 1000 *l.* to repair it, and no Promise binds against a man's self—

Ful. I accept your Challenge, Sir, and will Dye or Triumph— come on, Sir, I'll try your Courage.

Pol. I am afraid you won't Young Gentleman.

Ful. You shall soon see your mistake, Sir, I never turn'd my back to any Man. (*Exeunt.*)

Sir Test. Ha! they're gone to fight— let me see— if *Polydore* is kill'd my Honours safe, and I have the better offer— if the other is not Hang'd! and he must not know the use of such an Estate, that is— Justice only waits upon the poor, and a 1000 *l.* a year is Gallows proof. (*Exit.*)

Scene Changes to *L. Lovetoy's.*

A Couch.

Enter L. Lovetoy, follow'd at a distance by Lettice.

Lov. This is the first time this Fellow *Courtine* has remain'd in my thoughts— I am sure I don't care for him, but since he left me so coldly, I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strange desire to know if he Loves me! Well this Curiosity is a bewitching thing to a Woman— but I will Conquer it, the Prince returns upon my thoughts and drives out all before him— *Lettice!*

Lett. Madam.

Lov. How d'ye like the *Muscovite*?

Lett. Troth Madam not at all, an ugly Grim thing with the Air of a Chairman.

Lov.

Lov. What, he gave thee nothing?

Let. I did not expect it, Generosity is the quality of an Englishman.

Lov. How wou'd you like him for a Husband?

Let. Not so well as for a Ship Carpenter, for besides his Person, in his Country what the men say is a Law, and I am an Englishwoman, I shou'd not care for a Lover, that Sighs in Commands, and Dyes in Absolute Authority! Husbands of any Country, have too much power, and I wou'd not Marry a profess'd Tyrant; here in England, the Balance is pretty Even; if the Husband is Impertinent we know how to Revenge it, and there's a Lover in every corner to keep him in awe; the power is Chiefly in our hands; we are the Muscovites, and can make him an Ass, or a Monster at pleasure— Ah! Madam there's, a vast difference 'twix't Command and Obedience.

Lov. 'Tis not a sign you think so, Mrs. Pert!

Let. Forgive me, Madam, your Ladyship drew me into this folly.

Lov. Do you own it then! I knew Mr. Courtine had brib'd you.

Let. I talk'd what I have heard of that Country, but perhaps, if one was to Live with him here, he might submit to the Customs of ours.

Lov. Certainly! and I like him so well I cou'd surmount any other difficulty.

Let. Indeed, Madam, he has a very graceful Carriage! what a pretty Complement he put upon your Ladyship; you say but yes and are a Queen.

Lov. Ay! 'tis not every Body Lettice that can speak so movingly! a thousand fancies fill my mind—(Lyes on the Couch) bid the Moors come and Dance to me, and the Bantam Woman Sing, for Musick is the food to Love, and while it sooths the pain indulges the Disease—

(Exit Let.)

After the Dance this S O N G.

For mighty Love's unerring Dart
No remedy is found,
The Balm to cure a Lovers Smart,
Is to enlarge the Wound.

We all the soft Destroyer prove
And Triumph in his Chains,
But Oh! when Kind how wou'd he move,
Who Pleases when he Pains.

Lov. As Musick did Young Ammons Breast inspire
And set the Listening Hero all on Fire!
In every vein the Conquering force I prove
It rouses Valour and awakens Love.

(Exeunt.)

The

The Scene Changes to Sir Testy's House, a Taberet and Chairs.

*The New }
Scene.*

Enter Lady Dolt and Flora.

L. D. I am Glad these Rooms are in Order; are the Wax Candles lighted below, and *John* the Coachman in his Porter's Gown?

Flo. Your Commands Madam have been punctually observ'd.

L. D. Well these Visiting-Days are certainly the most agreeable things! they make us little Queens and our Chambers are a sort of Drawing-Rooms, where good Breeding, and Intreague are so mingl'd they'll pass before a Husband.

Flo. There's my Lady *Lovetoy* coming.

L. D. Who is the Oddest, strange Impertinent—my dear Lady *Lovetoy*, I am the happiest Woman, in seeing your Ladyship:

Enter Supple with two Candles followed by L. Lovetoy.

L. L. You make every body so that is with you Madam.

Flo. (*Aside.*) These Ladies treat one another, as common Women do their Gallants; every body's dear to 'em that's with 'em, but when they're gone—

(Enter Page.)

L. L. Page,—go now to my Lady *Changeable*, and ask if her Ladyship recieves Company the same day this Year, as she did the last—I ask your Ladyship's pardon.

L. D. Oh! Madam you always command where I have an Interest—well, your Ladyship has the prettiest Fancy, since you have been in *France*—

(Observing her Dress.)

L. L. *France* Madam, is the Fountain of good Breeding, and one can't go there without catching somewhat—I confess I was the first that brought over the distast of Perfumes among us, and now 'tis the Fashion to hate 'em.

L. D. I am glad of it, for they always offended me.

L. L. Your Ladyship may observe in this suddain change, how odious is an old Fashion; we are ready to swoon, now when any body comes Perfum'd among us: and it looks like a Citizens dowdy Daughter, roll'd up in Sweets like a *Raskielle*, and only *Thames-street* now smells of Musk and Civit.

L. D. Your Ladyship is the model of the Mode, and every body approves your tast, but the most unlucky follower of your Ladyship, is my Lady *Drawle*—

L. L. She—hates—to—Speak.

(Mimicks.)

L. D. Every body shou'd, that do's it so ill.

L. L. I here they have Nick-nam'd her, the Lazy Lady.

L. Dr. I am always sick to see her, fullsome Affectation—my dear Lady *Drawle*, I am overjoy'd at this Favour.

Enter Supple with the L. Drawle.

L. Dr.

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L. Dr. I—am—quite—spent—with walking, these Rooms are so Large, they'd tire a running Footman to get to the—end—of 'em.

L. D. To oblige your Ladyship, I'll receive Company nearer the stairs—*Supple*, the Tea-Table—but sec, here's the Charming Mr. Triffle. *(Enter Triffle.)*

Triff. Ladies, your most humble Servant.

L. D. Sweet Mr. Triffle.

Triff. My Lady *Dolt*, has always the prettiest Circle!

L. D. Mr. Triffle, has the most agreeable manner.

L. Dr. Extremely diverting.

L. L. His Travils have given him such an Air?

L. D. Come dear Mr. Triffle, tell us some News.

Triff. Ah! Madam I have been Malheureux all day, as my Lady *Chiquers* speech says, for I have lost at *Ombre*.

L. L. We wou'd here some Love adventure Mr. Triffle.

Triff. Why faith Ladies, the oddest in the World happen'd to me the other day; coming out of *Whites* Chocolate-House, a great Lady call'd me into a Coach, and drew up the Glasses—

L. D. Well, and what did you do then, dear Creature.

Triff. I was so concern'd for her Honour, that I did not speak one word—to the purpose—for she was so at least.

L. Dr. I admire Mr. Triffle for—his—virtue.

L. D. Get you gone, we'll serve our
(Enter Sup. with Tea-Table, &c.)

Triff. No Madam, that business shall be mine, for I am never happy, but when I'm doing somewhat for the Ladies—

L. D. I'll fill for my self.

(Takes a Dish.)

Triff. My Lady *Loveroy*, are you for any?

L. L. I don't care for Tea, that steams and burns.

Triff. *(Aside to her)* but a heart that do's Madam—

L. Dr. I am much of your Ladyship's humour, for it's tiresome to hold a thing so long at ones mouth.

Triff. *(Aside to her)* If 'twas a Lover, I hope your Ladyship wou'd not think so.

L. Dr. Mr. Triffle is the best Company—

L. L. The prettiest Gentleman—

L. D. That ever was.

Triff. Your Ladyship has dropt a Letter—ha! 'tis scarce from a Lover Madam, for the Seal is not broke.

(La. Drawle pulling out a Handkerchief, drops a Letter, which Triffle takes up.)

L. Dr. I hate the Feateague of opening—a—Letter.

Triff. Will your Ladiship honour me with that imployment?

L. Dr. No, I'll make my Woman do—it—at—night.

L. D. Well Mr. Triffle, since these Ladies won't drink, I know you are so much their Admirer to value an Entertainment, in which they don't share; pray therefore tell us the news of the Town, what is the talk?

Triff.

Triff. The Ladies will always be the subject of ours; and a certain Poet has entertain'd himself at your Expencc, and Writ a Play call'd, *The Ladies Visiting-Day*.

L. L. O—out a'pon't, 'tis the smuttest thing!

Triff. Has your Ladyship seen it?

L. L. No, nor wou'd not for the World—but my Lady *Lewd-tast* has pronounc'd it, and I'd take her judgment before any body's, in a thing that's Smutty.

L. D. (Aside) So wou'd I, for a modest Woman shou'd not understand it—I hear my Lady *Drawle* saw it.

L. L. Then dear thing, tell us a little of it.

Triff. Ay Madam, for now the World don't see us, we may be merry.

L. Dr. I was there—indeed—but to remember any thing—looks—like—a Servant.

Triff. I think your Ladyship is in the right, besides it makes the Play always new to us—

L. Dr. Directly so.

Triff. I never mind above one word in Twenty, for my heart is divided, 'twixt the Ladies and my Snuff-box.

L. D. My Husband charg'd me not to go, and I have had a mind ever since.

L. Dr. And mine wou'd not suffer me to sit in the Front-Box, but took me with him in a Mask.

L. L. Poor Mrs. *Turntemper*, upon something she found there, has vow'd never to enter the Doors of that house again.

Triff. O! I never mind what she says when she's Angry, for I happen'd to out with something smart upon her tother day, and she call'd me an ugly Fellow—when 'twas not two months ago Ladies, that I sate for a *Venus*.

L. Dr. Was it the virtue of the *Venus*, or the Face you sate for?

Triff. O! Madam the Face.

L. L. Undoubtedly the Face.

L. D. But as to the Play, I wonder who he points at?

Triff. At no body Madam, he shoots at the Herd, and wounds without aiming at a single Deer.

L. L. They say there's a great—Rosy—cheek'd—Candle-drinking Widow there, that is ready to faint at every turn.

L. Dr. The Impudent things have their Chairs and Taberet, in the same order as we have.

L. L. 'Tis certainly so many little Creatures, that have late strove to Imitate us, that encourag'd the Poet to Write of it; for now Mrs. *Tire*, Mrs. *Junker* and Mrs. *Tattletown* must have their Visiting-days.

L. D.

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

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L. D. I fancy Madam, that 'tis not so much for Fashion, as Poverty, that makes them set up Visiting-days ; for not having enough to afford Dress all the week, they make a sorry shift to look well for one day in it.

L. L. As the pert Mrs. *Vernish*, who always gives me the Spleen.

L. D. I hate detraction, yet she's a sad Creature, and very Ugly.

L. Dr. I don't love to abuse any Woman neither, but they say indeed, she Paints an Inch deep.

L. L. I wou'd not rail at any thing for the World, there's nothing I avoid so much; yet I am told she's as kind, as the Fellows wou'd with a handsomer Woman.

Triff. And I hope Ladies, I may bring you all as Witnesses of my Innocence, in reflecting upon any Person, yet her Hair, People say, is not all her own.

L. D. (*Laying down the Dish.*) I hate to drink Tea by my self, come Ladies, if you'll go into my Closet, I'll give you a Liquor more Social.

(*Exeunt.*)

The End of the New Scene.

The End of the Fourth Act.

G

A C T V.

ACT V.

*Scene the Park.**Enter Fulvia and Polydore.**Pol.* COME, Sir, we're far enough.*Ful.* I wish the Lady were by, and that the Conquerour might bear away the Prize; I warrant She'd be mine.*Pol.* That, my Talking Hero, we shall soon determine.*Ful.* Not that I think her Handsom, or care a rush for her.*Pol.* No! Why will you Fight for a Woman you don't value?*Ful.* Is that a Question? Why, Sir, I'm a pretty young Fellow just come to an Estate, and to be a Fine Gentleman, must put my self into a Lampon or two, Loose 1000 *l.* at Bassett, keep my Mifs, and kill my Man?*Pol.* Gallantry throughout! When you have done this, you will Certainly be an accomplish'd Person— but come, Sir, begin then— (*draws.*) you'll the sooner get through your Course.*Ful.* Ay! Sir, come on, I'll quickly make the Sun shine through you; and if your Mrs. were by, wou'd give her a truer account of your Heart, than you have done— I have her Heart and now will have yours. (*offering at his Sword.*)*Pol.* Ha! does she Love you then?—*Ful.* No less than her Life— besides, Sir, I have Lain with her a hundred times.*Pol.* Villain thou Liest, draw, or I'll use you as you deserve, and Stab you.*Ful.* Take this with you first, *Fulvia* will never Marry him that Murders me.*Pol.* She may the Man that Vindicates her Honour— so dispatch or I'll keep my word— I find your Sword, is not for doing things in hast.*Ful.* It sticks to the Scabbard, I did not wipe off the Blood of the last Man I Fought with— (*pulling the Sword.*)*Pol.* Ha! d'ye trifle, that shan't serve your turn, come, Sir, give me yours and take mine. (*they Exchange Swords.*)*Ful.* Generously said, come on then— now, Sir, your Life or Mrs.(*Pol. draws and finds nothing but a Hilt in his Hand.*)*Pol.* Ha! Villain, de'ye serve me so.*Ful.* In an Enemy, Sir, all advantages are just, so we Conquer, no matter whether by Stratagem or Force.*Pol.* D'ye think to Recommend your self by Be-lying her and Murdering me?*Ful.* Nay, nay, Sir, no talking, the Lady must be mine.*Pol.*

Pol. Think what the World will say of you for this.

Ful. If I don't get her by it, they'll call me a Rascal, but if I do, 'twill be an Innocent Stratagem, like Cheating to get an Estate, which once got, wipes off all stains, and none are Rogues but the unsuccessful—so, Sir, your Life or Mrs. I'm determin'd.

Pol. You shall have both or none, Sir—here drive your Sword, for only through this Heart, you come at *Fulvia*.

Ful. D'ye Love her so well to Die for her?

Pol. Souldiers love not their Honour, Cowards their Lives, nor Misers their Gold as I my *Fulvia*.

Ful. Prepare then are you ready for the Stroke?

Pol. I am.

Ful. In reward of so much generosity you shall quick-ly die—another manner *Polydore!*—

Pol. Ha! I know this Voice.

Ful. Preserve your Life and *Fulvia*.

Pol. My *Fulvia*! thus I wou'd die indeed.

Ful. Thus let me ever Live.

Pol. My wonder is not over yet, what Reason put you in this Habit?

Ful. Now you recal my Blushes, and I'm indeed asham'd.

Pol. In *Fulvia's* Arms but now I lost my Cares, thus let me Banish hers—

Ful. You will forgive me, since for your sake I did it—Sir *Testy*, for what Cause I cou'd not tell, has ever been averse to all offers of my Marrying, and willing to try if it was care of me, or his own Interest that made him so, I put on this Habit, and Offer'd him as you heard 1000 *l*. He shou'd his mind, for while you look'd another way, he whisper'd me to call again.

Pol. You wou'd have ruin'd all my Hopes! Had I not brought him to an Agreement with me before, and given him a Bond of 500 *l*. for his consent which now he will not stand to, if he can help it, but my Man's a Witness to the Bond.

Ful. I tremble to think how near I was to Ruin my self.

Pol. But if you please I'll tell him, I have kill'd my Rival, and that hope being remov'd he may have no Scruples to receive me.

Ful. I like it extreaimly, it will Divert as well as profit us—here comes your Man and *Supple* to go of the Errand.

Pol. *Supple*.

Ful. You need not apprehend him; he's of our party.

Pol. Hark'ye *Supple*, can you tell a Lye? (Enter *Supp.* and *Ned*)

Sup. Hum! ha! I never try'd, Sir.

Ned. There's an instance, you need not doubt his ability, for his Mother was a Presbyterian and his Father told the weather.

Pol. Very well! then go immediately and tell Sir *Testy*, that you found me Fighting with a Young Gentleman in Red, and that I kill'd him upon the Spot.

Supp. Yes, Sir, pray is this the Gentleman that's kill'd?

Ful.

Ful. Ay, Friend, now you may speak it upon your own knowledge.

Ned. Since the Gentleman tell's it you himself.

Pol. If you are witty Rascal, I shall break your head.

Supp. O Dear Madam is it you?— I have news to tell you, my Master has receiv'd a Letter from *Yorkshire* and designs not to stand to his Agreement with Mr. *Polydore*.

Pol. That's past recalling, you immediately possess him with this and I'll secure the rest—if you Madam will assist me (*Exeunt Supp. and Ned*

Ful. How?

Pol. Let us prevent his designs all ways, and go to Church before we see him; who knows what an Hours delay may rob us of, this is not a time to consider. *Hannibal* lost *Rome*, for thinking unseasonable.

Ful. 'Tis something too hasty a Resolution, but you have given me such Proofs of your affection, and since time Presses; I yield to opportunity and Merit. (*Exeunt*

Enter Sir Testy and Supple.

Sir Test. Kill'd him d'ye say?

Supp. Ay, Sir, without receiving a Wound himself.

Sir Test. (*Aside*) Another string to my Bow— he shall renounce his claim now — but are you sure he's dead?

Supp. Dead, Sir, Ay! as your Worships small Beer, he has hired a Surgeon to open him already, and two Doctors to Swear upon occasion, that he dy'd of a Fever.

Sir Test. Nay, if there was occasion they'd save as many Lives by their Oaths as they destroy by their Phylick— But I shall prevent 'em— but what Wounds had He?

Supp. (*Aside*) What must I say now?—

Sir Test. Ha!

Supp. Oh! very ghastly ones! One in his Belly, and a great Cut over his Face.

Sir Test. Cut over his Face, why they did not Fight with back Swords?

Supp. That's true, Sir, no 'twas his right Eye——

Sir Test. Push'd out!

Supp. Yes, Sir ——

Sir Test. Oh! horrible!

Supp. His Sword went quite through his heart.

Sir Test. This is a Terrible thing, and lies upon my Conscience. *Supple*, don't you know 'tis a great Sin to conceal Murder.

Supp. (*Aside*) Egad he'll have him Hang'd too! I'll try, O dear Sir, a very great one.

Sir Test. Not but I am Mr *Polydore*'s Friend, but I can't be Damn'd for him—— do you be ready upon occasion

Supp. Yes Sir—— (*Aside*) my Master is a true Friend. (*Exit.*

Sir Test. Now will I either get the 500 l. for keeping Counsel or Hang him—— I have 3 or 4 ways to prevent his Marrying her, and get

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

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get my Yorkshire Friends 1000 l. he offers and is coming up to make good, one way or other I shall make a good hand of her. (Exit.

Scene Changes to Sir Testy's House.

Enter L. Dolt and Flora.

L. D. I am glad these Impertinent things left me so soon, but hark! see who's coming. (Exit Flo. and re-enters.

Flo. 'Tis my Lady Autumn.

L. D. There is nothing I hate so much, she is ever uneasy and fretting, because she can't make a Bustle in the World, and be as much talk'd of now as at Sixteen—an old Impertinent, troublesome—My dear sweet Lady Autumn! (Enter L. Au.

(Sup. with Candles before her.

L. A. My good Lady Dolt—I am always the first of your Circle.

L. D. Your Ladyship is so kind! you are the very Jewel of our Ring.

L. A. I shou'd die, if it were not for the Pleasure of seeing you sometimes, you are the happiest Woman!

L. D. We are apt to think so of another, and 'tis very strange that so few People, have an opinion of their own Happiness, when so many have of their own Wit! But to show you, Madam, we are not to judge of Happiness, no more than Religion by appearances, I whom your Ladyship thinks happy, suffer the two greatest Evils, that can befall a Woman, Confinement and a Jealous Husband!

L. A. That now is the happiness I mean, to be Besieg'd by Lovers, and Guarded by Jealousy, is the Soul of Womans pleasures! What wou'd I give if mine were such! My Husband is the most different from this, He never looks into my Actions, I han't the pleasure of deceiving him. — I Love a Husband that's a Tyrant; it makes Disobedience a Virtue.

L. D. You are a true English-woman I see, and are not sensible of your own Happiness, had you led my Life a week, you'd be of another mind.

L. A. Not at all, a Jealous Husband exercises all the agreeable Qualities of a Woman; her Wit to invent Plots against him, her Dissimulation to hide 'em, her Flattery, her false Love (that is so like the true, that no Man can distinguish it) to amuse and deceive him. There's a continual Injoyment, for next to the Happiness of rewarding a Lover, is the pleasure of Cheating a Husband—but mine alas! has deprived me, of all this by being so Easie! so Impertinently Easie!

L. A. I hear my Lady Olivia, we shall have a Lecture on the Town.

L. A. She is the most insolent Hypocrite!—

L. D. That plagues every body with her Virtue——

L. A. Except her self.

{ Enter Sup. as before with two

L. D. My dear good Lady Olivia! { Candles follow'd by L. O.

L. O. My kind Lady Dolt!

L. A. I am extreamly your Ladyships.

L. O

L. O. I was in pain till I had paid my court to you——this World is so Censorious!

L. D. What misfortune, Madam!

L. O. O! The greatest, and most Impertinent that cou'd happen! I have been in Town but two days and am in a Lampoon already! no virtue is secure.

L. A. The Men take it for their Enemy, and try all ways, to praise or reproach us out of it.

L. D. Your Ladyship can no more defend your Fame, than they their hearts, and malice is as fatal as Beauty.

L. O. What a World it is; I protest the Men are arriv'd to that Impudence, they don't scruple to say, that our strictest Virtue proceeds only from a dislike of him that assaults it.

L. A. The Confidence of these Fellows.

L. D. (*Aside.*) And the Virtue of these Women!

L. O. They call our Devotion Hypocrisie, and our Virtue want of Inclination—if we're reserv'd, we're Dissemblers, if free, they dispair of nothing; they whisper their Love, and put a Billet deux in our hand immediately: Well this is a wicked Town, and no Conduct can escape Censure.

L. A. 'Tis certainly worse than a Husband to a poor Woman, and more to be fear'd, there's a Thousand ways to come off with him, but none with them; for the least colour is as much as the greatest certainty, and to be seen with a Man, is to be every thing with him.

L. O. Men are as dreadful things to our Reputation, as the Small-Pox to our Faces.

L. D. They are the Distemper of the Country, Madam, and our too great care to avoid 'em, is sometimes the way to catch 'em.

L. A. And like the Small-Pox too, if they don't leave a Scar behind upon our Reputation, a Woman's the better for 'em ever after.

L. D. But see the two Widows, { *Enter Sup. follow'd by L. Weepwel and L. Sobmuch.*

L. A. Always hand in hand, like Religion and Pride.

L. W. { Ladies your Servant—my Lady *Dolt*—my *L. Autumn*—

L. S. { my Lady *Olivia*.

L. D. My good Lady *Weepwel*.

L. A. My Lady *Sobmuch*.

L. W. I have had the plague of Widows upon me all day; Law-sutes and Lovers.

L. O. How do's your Ladyship, since the Recovery of your Son?

L. S. Huh! huh! much better.

L. D. Your Ladyship had a sad time on't, but if your Son's sickness made such Impressions, pray how did you bear the loss of your Husband.

L. S. O! I tore my Hair, and beat my Breast, and made a noise that disturb'd all the Neighbourhood.

L. W.

L. W. I did more, I Blasphem'd when my Dear'ee Dy'd, and had I not met with a Capt. half a year after, so like him, they were scarce to be distinguish'd, I had certainly broke my heart with grief.

L. O. Certainly 'tis a very troublesome thing to lose a Husband.

L. S. You can't think it, besides denying one self all Conversation, and the Pleasure of Visiting-days for a month.

L. W. Some Creatures have so little love for their Husbands, that they'll Mourn in false Cloath to save charges; it cost me 500 l. besides going to hang my self twice.

L. A. 'Twas grief made you desperate.

L. W. Well, 'tis a strange tryal to lose a dear Husband, and if all the Ladies that came had not over-perswaded me; one to Eat a bit, another to drink a Cordial all day long, I had certainly sunk under it.

L. A. I'm resolv'd to grieve just so when my Husband dies, exactly like your Ladyship, 'tis the Genteelest way I have known.

L. W. O! Madam, you make me Proud—but several Ladies have follow'd me already—they think it has an Air Gallant—but my dear Lady *Dolt*, I must take my leave.

L. S. Madam your Servant.

L. D. Ladies——

L. W. Nay, good dear Lady *Dolt*, you shan't stir a step further t'ward the door, you'll catch cold.

L. D. Pray, Madam!

L. S. Not for the Universe, your too far, 'tis sensibly colder in this part of the Room, huh! huh! I feel it already
—Ladies your Servant——

{ *Exeunt L. S.*
and *L. W.*

L. D. You always make me rude.

L. O. We shou'd a had good sport, if Mrs. *Ruffly* had come before they went.

L. A. Foh! an Impudent thing that thinks to be Scurrilous, is to be Witty.

L. D. And the Men tell her so, because she'll drink with 'em.

L. A. She strives to do every thing like the Men, and spares no body.

L. D. And is only spared, by being too Infamous——dear Mrs. *Ruffly*.

{ *Enter Sup. followed*
by Mrs. *Ruffly*.

L. A. Sweet Mrs. *Ruffly*.

L. D. We were Melancholy for want of you; well, what news dear Creature, how have you spent the Evening?

Ruff. Very well, for I've been borrowing Money.

L. O. I trifl'd away mine at Piquet, with my own Husband.

L. A. And a Lady wou'd fain a had me out to a Miscarriage, but I wou'd not go for fear it was catching; but where was you then dear *Ruffly*?

Ruff. Why at my Lord *Old Fops*, who is as assiduous as a Gallant to his Wife; he gives her Jewels, gilt Coaches, and what she will,
by

by which the poor Man thinks to secure a head, that has 60 years over it.

L. D. Those arts preserve Love, as Cordials do Life naturally, they make a sickly constancy, which the moment you forbear 'em dies.

L. O. He may hope to manage her, because she's so Young.

Ruff. That's no security, the business of Love is brought into a narrow compass, and the fellows have found that Impudence with Women, is as certain a way to preferment as at Court.

L. A. We don't know how he may succeed, for besides being very Rich, they say he is very Wise.

L. D. Nay, that will make him fitter for a privy Councillour than a Lover; and 'tis suspected, when the Men set up for discretion, 'tis as the Ugly among us do for Virtue, because they are not tempted to wrong it.

L. O. I have read indeed of a Lady, that fell in Love with a Man for his Wisdom, but I'd fain see one of this Age do so.

Ruff. You may sooner expect to see an Atheist without Fear, a Wit without Vanity, or an old Woman without Malice.

L. D. I love *Ruffly's* way extreamly, I hate the formal chat of Visiting-days, I love to know the state? what new promotions? who are chose? my Lady *Olivia*, I'm for *Warwick*, what Country are you for?

L. O. O! I'm for *Oxfordshire*? all the pretty Fellows come from thence.

Ruff. Pardon me, Madam, they are nothing to compare to the County of *Kent*.

L. A. Well Ladies, say what you will of other Countries, the dear Mr. *Neverpeak* is of *Yorkshire*; however I an't for meddling with the state to night, but dear *Ruffly*, now we're in a merry humour, let's be Malicious for half an hour, and Cut throats.

Ruff. With all my heart.

L. D. We'll spare no body.

L. O. Give no Quarter.

L. A. Where shall we begin?

Ruff. Where all the World do's, with our Friends.

L. D. Nothing shall escape us.

L. A. Not my Lady *Love-youths* Face, with Paint above, and Pimples underneath.

Ruff. Nor her Lewdness, yet more disguised with seeming Piety.

L. A. We'll strip her of all her Religion.

L. D. And leave her no more Virtue than a Player.

Enter Supple follow'd by Sir Testy, Fulvia and Polydore.

Sir Test. Looky Neece, before these Ladies you must prepare for a Wedding-day, I have now got you a Husband to my mind.

Ful. What is he? Nuncle.

Sir Test.

Sir Test. A jolly Fox Hunter, that will Ride from Sun-rise to Sun-set; none of your Filmy London Rascals, who must have a Chair to Carry 'em to their Coach, and a Coach to carry 'em to their Whore.

Ful. And this Fox-Hunter, will come home as tir'd and dirty, as one of his Hounds— He must rise early to follow his Sport; I sit up late at Cards; put this together Nuncle?

Sir Test. He has the best breed of Cocks and Horses in the Country; He'll be in Town to Night.

Ful. He may go back again, to morrow.

Sir Test. Are you so high Fed, that a Country Gentleman of 2000*l.* a Year won't go down with you?

Ful. No Uncle; but you kept me so sharp, that I was fain to provide for my self: and here stands the Fox-Hunter for my Money.

(Claps Polidore on the Shoulder.)

L. D. (Aside.) How! A False Villain!

Pol. Sir, we had your Consent, and my Man's a Witness to it.

Ful. And harkye Nuncle, *(takes him aside)* least you shou'd expose your reverend Age, by a mistake, I was the Gentleman in Red, drest like Murder, that offer'd you a 1000*l.* and the man is not Kill'd, Nuncle.

Sir Test. How!

Ruff. Nay, no whispering the Bride, *Sir Testy.*

L. A. Your instructions can signifie nothing, I'm sure.

Pol. 'Tis past remedy, Sir, and Patience will best become your Age and Gravity.

Sir Test. Do you Laugh? I'll spoil your Mirth by Gingo! Sir do you know this Hand? *(Puts his hand in his Pocket and pulls out a Letter.)*

Pol. Ha! Yes, Sir, 'tis mine I writ it to my Father, when I was in Italy.

Sir Test. Why then I'll dash your Marriage Strait—

Ful. How's this!

Sir Test. Mark Ladies! *Polidore* owns it to be a Letter he wrote to his Father from Italy— Now Mrs. Minx, I'll shew you the Husband you have Marry'd—

L. D. (Aside.) I'm astonish'd to think what this means.

Sir Test. (Reads.)

SIR,
Your Commands for me to return to England, and Marry Bears-face the Rich Goldsmiths Daughter, oblige me to discover a misfortune which I intended to conceal, from all the World; In short, Sir, I had lately an intregue with an Italian's Mistress, whom I had the ill fortune to please but too well: The Revengeful Italian, disssembled his knowledge of it, till taking an occasion to write me a Hunting,

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

he drew me from the Chase, and in a corner of a Forest with three Ruffins Qualified me rather for a Querister than a Husband.

All. How!

Sir Test. Now Neece if you like an Italian Singing-Bird for a Husband, e'en take him.

Ful. (Hides her Face with her Fan.)

Ruff. A Singing-bird!— what, and offer himself to a Lady of your Youth and Beauty!

L. D. (Aside) No wonder he did not understand me.

L. A. Let us Strangle him in one of his Brides Garters.

L. O. Let us serve him, as the Senate of Rome did *Romulus*, pull him to pieces, and every one carry away a Limb of him that there may be no memory of such a filthy Creature.

L. D. I wou'd not touch him with a pair of Tongues—

Pol. (Aside) I was sweet Mr. Polydore.

L. A. What a dissembling Villain 'tis! I protest Ladies he attempted to Ravish me t'other day.

Pol. (Aside) She has abus'd me more than all the rest.

Sir Test. Ha, ha, ha, Ay— Ay— Worry him Ladies for a dishonourer of your Sex.

Pol. Now Ladies will you give me leave—

L. A. To what purpose, pray?

(All the rest) Nay hear him! hear him!

Pol. Favour me—

Sir Test. By Gingo you have a great deal of Impudence, to expect it from the Ladies—but go on—

All. Ay! ay! hear him! hear him!

Pol. Ladies, you have heard a very odious charge read against me; this Letter I own to be mine, but the Contents of it, I utterly deny—

Sir Test. How!

All. Nay go on! go on!

Pol. I had no way to avoid Marrying that Monster of my Fathers choosing, but by such a pretence: upon which he conceiv'd so great a grief, that I believe hasten'd him out of this World; he made Sir Testy his Executor, who I suppose among his Papers, met with this Letter.

Ruff. I think Mr. Polydore has vindicated himself sufficiently; what think you Sir Testy?

Sir Test. If Polydore be a Cheat, I know what I have been, all this while— (Striking his Fore-head.)

L. D. (Aside) And I that I did not make him sure, a false Rogue!

L. O. I always thought Mr. Polydore, a very civil person.

L. A. And is now indeed an accomplish'd Gentleman.

Sir Test.

The Ladies Visiting-Day.

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Sir Test. (*Aside*) My Wife has had a fine time on't— a Whore— what I suppose, Madam, you have play'd your game out?

Pol. Nay, *Sir Testy*, now we are all agreed, be not out of humour.

Sir Test. Agreed! Ay! I believe you have been very well agreed with a Pox! What's here more Cheats.

Enter Supple follow'd by Courtine (in the Muscovite dress) and L. Lovetoy.

Lov. Ay, Sir, for we have Marry'd one another.

Sir Test. Zbud, I wish all the World was so.

Pol. (*Aside*) Poor *Courtine*, thou art lost.

(*All*) We wish you Joy.

Sir Test. You wish it him in vain, if he's Marry'd a Woman.

Lov. I was in hopes that impudent fellow *Courtine*, had been here.

Cour. Madam he heard of the Honour you intended me, and after a few Words, he had with me upon it I kill'd him.

Lov. Now Ladies, I am compleatly happy, and shall injoy the Conversation of another World, without the necessity of listening to the dowdy homebred Chat of our Fellows.

Cour. Nay, Madam, to oblige your curiosity, I'll put on any Country, and as I am now a *Muscovite*, will vary to a *Turk* or *Indian*, nay an *Englishman* himself shan't 'scape me, as for example.

All. Ha! *Courtine*.

(*Pulls off his Whiskers.*)

Lov. I'm undone, cheated.

All. Ha! ha!

Sir Test. Ay! we're all cheated.

Cour. Come Madam, 'tis past recovery, and since you were in the power of such a Cheat, you may be glad it was no greater—you might a fallen to a Rascal, my Fortunes not very small, I am an honest Man, and I Love you.

Lov. I'm vex'd, but since it is so, and you are my Husband, I must be contented—but let me beg one Favour of you, to wear this Habit a Month for my satisfaction.

Cour. I won't stand upon trifles, Madam, I'll lie in the Sun a whole Summer for an Olive Complexion, to oblige you. (*Ent. Sup.*)

Sup. Sir, some Fiddlers have follow'd my Lady *Lovetoy*, and are going to Play.

Sir Test. Let 'em Play and be Pox't; and may our Wives always Dance; 'tis our only security, like whistling at the Tap, the Devils in't if they taste then. Well, I'll go to *Doctors Commons* immediately, and be the first Citizen that ever had the honour of a Divorce.

(*Exit Sir Testy.*)

SONG.

The Earlier Visiting Day.

The SON G

Cloe is divinely Fair,
And Sings with easy moving Air.
The God of Love his bow forsook;
And now won't listen, now won't look.
Nothing harsh in Cloe's sound,
Cloe's gentle when she sounds.
All beauties in the Nymph combine;
This Cloe is, and Cloe's mine.

Lov. Well Mr Courte, I begin to think better of my Fortune,
and look back with apprehension on the escape I have had, and
now am sensible of my Folly.

L. D. And of mine, so much, that I'll pursue it no longer;
and now I am fully satisfy'd, that in doing ill, tho' a Womans con-
duct be ever so delicate, the short-liv'd Joy is still disturb'd.

And the our Vice, behind it leave no sting;
The best ill-Woman, is a wretched thing.



FINIS.

SONG